Off The Paradise

Tanveer Rauf

English Transaltion Of Urdu Novel

Narak By Nasim Anjum

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Urdu Translation of Urdu Novel "***Narak***"

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Capturing the life of the weak

Nasim Anjum, author of several collections of Urdu short stories and novels, has dared to portray the living of a very weak section of society called eunuchs.

Her novel earlier published in Urdu under the title “Nark” has now been translated into English by a writer and scholar, Tanveer Rauf. No doubt, Tanveer Rauf has translated it in a truly smart manner while valuing the actual essence of the fiction and characters introduced by Nasim Anjum.

Nasim Anjum, who is regarded as dynamic short story writer, novelist and columnist as well as educationist, has showed great courage to depict the lives of eunuchs in a class-based setup where the law of “might is right” is rampant in every field of life.

The law that governs various classes is essential in determining status of people and certainly the poor eunuchs have no settled means of earning. They have no class and no social status in this system. In the case of eunuchs, none of social systems ever considered this segment to become a productive part of society.

Regardless of those individuals patronized by the kings or the rulers of different societies hatching conspiracies against each other, the eunuchs were never treated as a part of the family of mankind in this world. They were either treated as toys or a less important commodity of the set-ups. Nasim Anjum has tried her best to underline the social crisis on the issue in question as well as the woes and miseries of the affected eunuchs and the families and groups of people connected with the eunuchs on individual level.

Nasim Anjum has employed her creative skills nicely and effectively in capturing the voice of the weak and then painting this voice in her own words in her novel.

Surely, the novel that has a passionate appeal for its nice portrayal and knitting by Nasim Anjum in Urdu has been beautifully translated into English by Rauf Tanveer, which will cast a meaningful impact on the readers and critics of literature.

Though the novel (Off the Paradise) is apparently based on fiction, it is a perfect reflection of realities of life. Its characters had to face hell-like circumstances that are unknown to others due to their position i.e. off the paradise.

(Zaib Azkaar Hussain).

Off the Paradise

Far from the maddening crowded city, there's a big white house in the rear remote area. The boundary walls are very high with colored whittle glass fixed on the edge to protect the house from thieves. Nearby the house is a stagnant water puddle. Mosquitoes, flies and creepy-crawly insects swelling the pollution around with toxin and awful stink. Weeds, shrubs and wild bushes attract goats and cows in the neighboring ground. The care takers of these animals relax their exhausted body after day's hard work there for some time. In the meantime, their animals enjoy grazing and gnaw. The setting sun and falling night over shadows the daylight so the people move along to leave the place. The isolated house looks as if haunted. It's terrifying at night for the passersby. In utter darkness lost souls seem to be hovering around. The ghostly sounds echo as if ghostly powers playing clanging instruments and mourning.

Inside the house are many rooms. Two rooms are small and stinky as dungeons while other two rooms quite bigger are having barred windows that open in the backyard.

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Today is a pleasant day. Cool gentle wind uplifting and comforting the exhausted persons in the house. Every nook and corner of the house is beaming with joy. Ambiance of the house is blissful.

Meera lying on the bed in other room is heaving a sigh of ache. She's surrounded by many around her bed. Someone asked her worriedly; "Is it very painful?"

"Did you have a surgery?" Other one asked.

"No pain no gain; one has to give up something to get something"

"One has to struggle to achieve the objective. Life is not a bed of roses"

"Hey! You Gori, mix some turmeric in milk as it lessens the pain."

"My dear, you are very blessed! Just see how lovely he is. You will at once forget your discomfort. He is replica of his father"

"Am I not pretty?" She said ruefully. "Come on darling who said you are not beautiful. "We are just talking about his father's manly lure."

"She sat straight on her bed with baby in her arms. Oh my God, he's so lovely a baby!" She excitedly hugged him.

"Get well soon so we can celebrate and throw a luxurious party"

These were the cheerful feelings they shared.

After speaking their hearts out, they sat in a circle. One by one sang dancing with baby in arms;

"Lovable baby will speak Mama, one day,
Mama will merrily sing him a lullaby one day;
Loveable baby will speak grandma one day,
Grandma will merrily sing him a rhyme one day;"

Fire crackers, music and food added life to the whole scenario. Zeba brought the sick old Gojee in her arms to the same room. Goojee also happily clapped with her feeble hands to show her delight. She forgot her pains seeing such a sweet baby. The girls threw cake at each other, roared with laughter doing all childish things to enjoy.

Zeba served hot Kashmiri tea to each one of them. Kashmiri tea full of crunchy nuts is enjoyed at such occasions. Zeba gave one cup to new mother and one to Gochi who slowly sipped and enjoyed the smell of blended nuts and tea.

Silence ruled the ambiance while the weary bodies enjoyed tea. The tea energized them and there was again hustle and bustle around. They sang bawdy songs, shared erotic jokes, clapping, danced, with vulgar talk and immoral body gesture, laughter, mockery and ridiculed each other.

But Gojee sat lost in her own utopia. She talked to herself. "I should have been responsible. Life is not straightforward. Life is like a wild horse, if not controlled it takes one to a weird land, from where there's no returning."

Recalling her past, she couldn't prevent her tears rolling down on her wrinkled cheeks nor control her limbs from trembling. Unheard she whispered to herself;

"Pearls of water broke and rolled on cheeks
Hey, do not hold me, as it's a thing of disgrace"

The girls thinking Gojee is unwell they carried her to her room and laid her on bed comfortably.

Nargis promptly brought water in a bowl from a dirty stained pitcher for Gojee to drink and relax. Gojee smiled feebly thanking her. They left the room to let Gojee sleep. The moment the girls left the room, tears speedily flowed on her cheeks faster once again.

After some time Gojee looked around the room. She saw her Jewelry that usually consisted of art deco pieces, especially many layers of beaded necklaces. Pins, rings, and stylish brooches, horn-rimmed glasses, colorful fancy hair clips, hoops and dangly earrings hung haphazardly on a wall. Wigs, braids and hairpieces hung in a corner of the room. Her gaudy funky grungy clothes also reminded her of old days when she was young. She mumbled the rhyme she loved once;

Her adoring boyfriend meets her there,
a mountain stag makes the waters stir
happily in love, and in love she's happy!

Gojee took out her small mirror from her bag after many months, to see how she looks now. But to her disappointment she was Gojee no more! It was a face full of wrinkles, sunken eyes, and dark chipped lips with missing front teeth.

Footsteps coming from outside interfered Gojee and her gone world

Silence outside was indication that party was over. It was past midnight. Husna and Nilofar came in. They helped Gojee sit putting pillows at her back to support her. Gojee was served veggies soup and a slice and medicines later. Gojee was obliged, so said, "You all have taken great care of me, and I'm indebted to you"

"Are we not related Gojee? You trained us, fed us and helped us when we had no one and our own family had deserted us. It was you who gave us shelter food and love. We're indebted to you and now trying to payback"

Kind words of the girls worked magic. Gojee felt comforted. She asked girls to go and sleep.

After the girls left the room Gojee closed her eyes. She envisioned a chubby cute boy in red jersey and dark blue trousers smiling at her. She smiled back. He carrying the frail Gojee on his back flew back to his home.

He was having breakfast with his parents. Sipping milk from his glass asked his father," "Dad when will we go shopping? My friends have already bought their Eid clothes and shoes and--- --"

"My dear son why worry? Eid is 5 weeks away. We'll definitely buy whatever you wish for" Father further added; "Babloo my dear, you know

both your parents are doctors. Our schedule is so busy that we can't take a day off. I hope you understand. But I promise we'll go soon"

Babloo was full of grievances. "Even mom doesn't read bed time story to me anymore"

Mom to Babloo; "That's not fair. I did read out a story few days back." "But mom" Babloo had something to say when mother firmly said; "No grumbling anymore. Just finish your breakfast. The school bus will be here in a minute or two."

He got up wiping his face with the napkin, father told him that they'll be going for shopping soon and then he can share with his friends what not he has bought for Eid.

Happy with father's last comforting words Babloo waving left as the bus was waiting for him.

Babloo was the only child. He was born after five years of marriage. Hence he was the apple of their eyes. Babloo was very smart intelligent boy. He was among the best students of his class. He participated in co curricular activities and won rewards and awards.

Time and again he would take lift and come home in his friends' cars. Both parents asked him to come home in school bus only. They would implore that; "Why does he take lift? They get upset when he came late or with his friends"

"Mom my friends force me to join them" He told his mother getting irritated by her repeated commands. "Babloo, what do you mean? You should have your say. Someday anyone can take you anywhere. We'll be left waiting, not knowing your whereabouts."

"Don't play with our emotions Babloo. You know me, I can be so bad when angry so warning you son" father told him.

Mother seeing her son get upset by father's scolding she hugged him saying; "My lovable son, we love you more than anything in this world that's why say all this"

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Chapter 2

Gojee was lost in her past when a mosquito and bedbug sting brought her into present world. The boy disappeared with Gojee coming back to present. She was all alone in the room. There was only darkness and her loneliness. She tried to reach to the switch board to switch on the light but

couldn't make it. She lit the torch and saw black cat fast asleep by her side. Her kittens were busy playing with cooking pots in the kitchen while cockroaches moved freely all over the place. Gojee heaved a sigh of grief. Bedbugs and mosquitoes added pain to her troubles. Ailment and weakness had made her a chicken hearted.

Gojee remembered her youth. She was so active, energetic confident and bold but old age is scary, weak and meek! Gojee was lost thinking about her youth and repenting her misery when the door opened and Reema came in. "Gojee if you can't sleep due to unbearable pain, would you opt for injection?"

"No, my dear, injection is affective for a short time then again the pain pops up" Gojee said in mourning drowsy voice.

Reema switched on the light. Gojee was pleased to see Reema sitting besides waving her fingers in Gojee's knotted dry hair.

"Reema, thank you for being here with me in my loneliness, you know loneliness is so stingy, it kills one like slow poison"

"Gojee mama, we are sailing in the same boat. We are an only one of its kind family. No relation but related. Who else will take care of you, if we over look? Now recite holy verses on rosary." Reassuring Gojee Reema left the room.

Babloo the dear son of doctor all of a sudden came into sight of Gojee once again.

"Why don't you get lost and leave me alone. Go away. I'm dying every moment" Gojee miserably said. "The game is ending"

"I know the game is going to be finished. That's the reason I'm here, to see the sunset and we fade away together" Babloo said

"You are right, I am you and you are me. We are one body one soul"

Gojee heaved a deep breath whispering to her, "What an agony" She recited the verses with difficulty but from her heart,

"One day I'll climb the stage
And be on the front page
I'll talk like the best sage
And break free from this cage
This cage of a lost sage
Whose work is no advantage?
Cries and flies in this cage
Which has no definite stage?

I need to see the sun
Without stretching from a can
I need to break its ban
And be a perfect man!

Gojee being in the same stance looked for her keys of treasury, rooms, kitchen and cupboards to hand over to someone. She was unable to carry out responsibilities any more. Gojee was counting the keys when her wounds started bleeding and she spitting out blood. Hearing the ghastly sound of Gojee Neeli and Pukhraj rushed in the room.

Both cleaned Gojee, changed her clothes and bed sheet and gave a mouth freshener to chew. But Gojee was so weak she spitted it out. They all knew that Gojee chapter is near closing. Making her bed and putting her to sleep, they also left the room.

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Chapter 3

Gojee felt slightly better after the doctor changed her medicines. A few days later when Gojee's condition improved a little all gathered in her room. The time for final decision of nominating the new Guru had come. Members of eunuch community gathered. The house was decorated with green flags and buntings.

Everyone opined that either Neeli or Zeba will be nominated as both nursed and nurtured Gojee very dearly and sincerely. Each one who lived in that haunted house also served Gojee at times.

Reema, Husna Neeli, Rani were busy washing cleaning beautifying and setting things right for the ceremony to be held in the evening.

It was 5 pm when Gojee was carried and seated on a big cushioned chair with pillows on sides to support her frail body. They clapping greeted her; In return she smiled at them softly and looked around lifelessly. Tears rolled down again uncontrollably.

All present felt depressed to see their Guru in such pitiable condition. Someone gave water to Gojee seeing her dried up lips and choking throat. Gojee sipped little water and said; "Time passed so swiftly! Where I was born where brought up is all intermingle, the entire life and scenario changed"

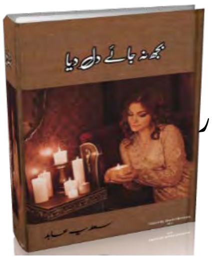
"No one can change the destiny. Now I have to shift responsibilities from my shoulders to the fresh blood, the new Guru, the one who is well judged,

عہدِ وفا



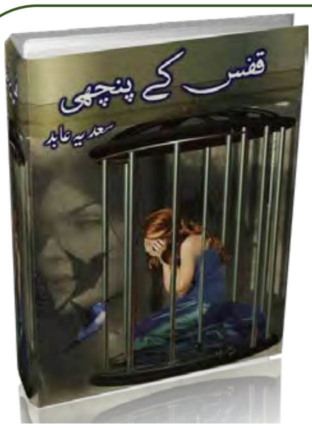
ایمان پریشے کا پاک سوسائٹی کے لیے لکھا گیا مُنفرد ناول، مُحبت کی داستان جو معاشرے کے رواجوں تلے دب گئی، پڑھنے کے لئے یہاں کلک کریں۔

بُجھ نہ جائے دِل دیا



سعدیہ عابد کا پاک سوسائٹی کے لیے لکھا گیا شاہکار ناول، مُحبت، نفرت، عداوت کی داستان، پڑھنے کے لئے یہاں کلک کریں۔

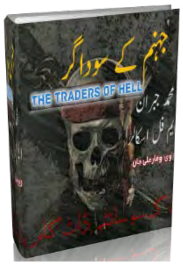
قفس کے پنچھی



سعدیہ عابد کا پاک سوسائٹی کے لیے لکھا گیا شاہکار ناول، علم و عرفان پبلشرز لاہور کے تعاون سے جلد، **کتابی شکل** میں جلوہ افروز ہو رہا ہے۔

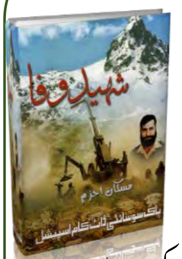
آن لائن پڑھنے کے لئے یہاں کلک کریں۔

جہنم کے سوداگر



مُحمد جبران (ایم فِل) کا پاک سوسائٹی کے لیے لکھا گیا ایکشن ناول، پاکستان کی پہچان، دُنیا کی نمبر 1 ایجنسی آئی ایس آئی کے اسپیشل کمانڈو کی داستان، پڑھنے کے لئے یہاں کلک کریں۔

شہیدِ وفا



مُسکان احزم کا پاک سوسائٹی کے لیے لکھا گیا ناول، پاک فوج سے مُحبت کی داستان، دہشت گردوں کی بُزدلانہ کاروائیاں، آرمی کے شب و روز کی داستان پڑھنے کے لئے یہاں کلک کریں۔

آپ بھی لکھیئے:

کیا آپ رائٹر ہیں؟؟؟۔ آپ اپنی تحاریر پاک سوسائٹی ویب سائٹ پر پبلش کروانا چاہتے ہیں؟؟؟

اگر آپکی تحریر ہمارے معیار پر پُورا اُتری تو ہم اُسکو عوام تک پہنچائیں گے۔ **مزید تفصیل کے لئے یہاں کلک کریں۔**

پاک سوسائٹی ڈاٹ کام، پاکستان کی سب سے زیادہ وزٹ کی جانے والی کتابوں کی ویب سائٹ، پاکستان کی ٹاپ 800 ویب سائٹس میں شمار ہوتی ہے۔

compassionate, proficient and amiable. This is system set by our elders from long time. I have to abide by the rules too. Will you agree to my selection of new Guru without any complaint?"
"You are our Guru, being your followers we are bound to obey you" Husna said obediently. All agreed unanimously.
However everyone was tense with their heart beats thumping and weighty breathing. Whoever the new Guru would be would enjoy the wealth, influence and status most, among all eunuchs. Hence everyone was restless and impatient to know the result.
"I'm not Guru, I'm your Gojee" It made everyone feel light hearted and they burst out laughing.
Gojee said that it was Nilofar who started calling her Gojee. "She didn't call me Guru as I was even younger than her and was like a plump cutie pie, so she called me Gojee instead. Saying this she put her arms around me and gave me sweet big hugs"
Since that day everyone called me Gojee. I wish you happiness health and success.
I am contented whatever name you give me as long as I'm cherished.
"Our great Gojee"
"Our dear Gojee"
"We wish her long life------long live Gojee"
Zeba and Nilofar got angry seeing girls ridicule Gojee. "You don't know how to pay respect to elders or how to behave. Always behave like small kids"
There was pin drop silence in the room, when someone from newcomers said; "We are new members of this community and have recently joined your group. Our parents died so were brought up in rags here and there. We then spent some time with gurus. There we learnt bizarre language and ugly body gestures to attract attention. Thus we don't know the etiquettes of decency and manners"
Gojee pacified the situation by saying; "It's just fine. We do become frank in such friendly gatherings. I don't mind it at all"
Gojee's words pleased and relaxed everyone there. Gojee sipped water and waving flies away from her wounds set her shawl lightly. Husna dressed Gojee's wound while Zeba set her pillows and bed sheet.
Gojee slowly picked up the bunch of keys and softly addressed; "I have decided to nominate Nilofar, Neeli as the new Guru. She will execute all

duties like I have been doing and will take care of you like a mother, a shelter a devotee”

All turned to Nilofar. She was weeping with her head down. Then said in faint voice; “Gojee, you have put such a heavy burden on my shoulders. I’m not capable of it”

Gojee spoke like a general; “No more words now. This is our system set by our elders. We have to accept religiously to follow the rules”

Nilofar got up and sat down beside Gojee’s feet.

Gojee caressing her handed the bunch of keys to her with countless good wishes.

Everybody gave a round of applause.

Husna put a garland of red and yellow roses in Gojee’s neck giving her a crown of pearls in her hands. Nilofar bowed down her head. Gojee lovingly put the crown on Nilofar’s head with her frail shaking hands.

A roar of laughter amused Gojee and enlightening the environment of the room. Nilofar received warm cordial good wishes from everyone present there.

The feast began with songs, clapping, and loud music, dances, passing vulgar jokes, mockery and ridiculed each other like their typical way of enjoying.

Pukhraj served sweets singing; “best wishes to you, congrats to the new mother, congrats to Gojee, blessings to us all”

Gojee and new Guru Nilofar were served food respectfully separately while others ate together. After the party was over the guests left for their homes. Husna Pukhraj and others cleaned the place and tired after hectic day went to their rooms to sleep.

Gojee was left again with her old memories and stinging solitude.

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Chapter 4

Gojee picked up the broken mirror from the nearby table. Her oily hair had grown long, her wrinkled face and deep sunken eyes depressed her more. She had taken off all the jewelry she wore for years, few days back. She however kept wearing the locket his mother gave him when he was a child. She changed the chord of the locket as she grew up according to her neck size.

Gojee's health deteriorated from the day her love passed away. Gojee couldn't bear the heartache and gradually lost interest in life. She was full of life and spirit before. She dressed up well, put on makeup and wore jewelry. Gojee had fair skin, so all colors suited her no matter the season or weather. Her loved one's ignorance broke her completely. She got weaker and became a victim of diseases like psoriases tuberculosis and kidney malfunction. She was like a withering drooping tree in autumn.

Gojee lay with her legs stretched and saw the clouds float. The weather was changing. Cool breeze and nightfall slowly dimming the sunlight made the scenario gloomier.

Gojee closed her eyes. The child appeared again. The child was holding Gojee's finger and took her to a home. The boy his mother and his father were there in the room in front of them.

The boy looked a little grown. He was fair, tall and well built boy of twelve or thirteen years of age. He looked older than his age.

His Dad wished him to become a renowned surgeon but the boy wanted to become a bureaucrat. "My subordinates will pay tributes and respect; I'll enjoy the status and luxuries of life"

"I do get respect and enjoyed the status of Guru too but----why are these tears rolling down"

"Why do tears and Babloo go side by side? Where is he taking me around?"

"The school van leaves me last of all. It takes so long to get home buddy"

"Why don't you come in my car? I'll drop you home" said Salik

"No, no, I can't. If mama sees me she'll get angry and if she tells my Dad that I missed my van, he'll certainly give me a tight punch and I'll be nowhere"

While talking, Salik's car came. He jumped into it and off they went.

With his schoolbag on his shoulder, Babloo stood on the road waiting for his school van chewing gum. He had been waiting for a while but the van was late. He decided to walk home. He was scared of his father that why didn't he wait for the van. Babloo convinced him that how would Dad come to know. Dad came home late night. So he started walking. He had hardly walked for 10, 15 minutes when he felt two bizarre looking people wearing gaudy clothes following him.

Babloo felt a little shaky but then he regained his confidence and walked fast. The road was empty. No one could be seen around. The two men came in front of Babloo blocking his way. One of them said to Babloo;

"Adorable darling where are you going?" while caressing his hair. Cars and other vehicles passed speedily but nobody noticed them.

Stammering and with a choking throat Babloo said; "Move out of my way! I'm going home"

Within no time, a taxi stopped by them. One of them put a hanky on Babloo's nose.

When his eyes opened, Babloo found himself in a dark small stinky room.

He heard fast music coming from other room and some heavy hoarse voices whispering. "Did you give this lad anything to eat? He's been locked up in the room all day". Babloo recalled everything. "What a big punishment for not obeying parents. I have been kidnapped" He looked around in that dark dungeon. One of his hands and one of his feet were chained and he lay on the mud-covered floor. His books scattered everywhere, meaning they might have checked his bag.

He heard footstep getting near. The door was unlocked and it opened with a screeching sound. Babloo feeling scared closed his eyes.

"Get up my dear. Eat something. Let me free you from these chains"

Babloo saw a frightening face .A wave of fear ran through his spine. Babloo lost his consciousness. "Jamila bring some water. The boy fainted"

Jamila convinced her; "He's new. He's scared" the other one said; "The animals take time to settle in new place. He's just a teenager. Give him time and space"

"Send Nilofar and Zeba here. Both are young and pretty. They will make him comfortable"

The Guru sprinkled water on Babloo's face to bring him into his senses. It worked. Babloo opened his eyes slowly… Just then Zeba entered the room. She was wearing school uniform with school bag hanging on her shoulder. The guru smiled at her in approval. Why create a scene. "Get up. I am a college student. I graduated from Iran." Zeba tried to cheer up Babloo.

Babloo looked at her with doubt. "Why doubt? Don't I look a pretty young damsel?" Winking at Babloo, Zeba said naughtily. "Will you be my friend? I'm just your age, may be few years younger. Let's have some food then we'll watch movies. We have all facilities here. I assure you will enjoy here and never get bored" Nilofar said all this to Babloo to calm him down and brighten his mood.

Zeba asked Resham to bring food for Babloo. Resham was very prompt at executing orders. She instantly brought mutton curry, pancakes, custard, and fried rice in a tray.

Guru lovingly asked Babloo to relax, eat and enjoy. “You’ve not eaten a morsel since morning. I’m like your mother. I won’t leave on your own. This is your home now. From today onwards you’ll also call me Ammi”

Babloo started weeping bitterly after her talk. He requested humbly crying; “I want to go home. My parents will be upset and they will be missing me. My friends will be looking for me everywhere. I miss them all. Let me free, please”

Zeba sang while clapping and dancing “Forget your mummy daddy and friends. You will live here with us. No going anywhere”.

“Please don’t say that. I have to study and achieve my goals” Babloo humbly said.

“We’ll make you rich. We’ll provide you with every facility. People will do anything you ask them. I assure you of that! I, the Ammi Huzoor! If I make promise I just do it!”

Babloo pleaded again; “I promise my parents will give you anything against me. They will give you plenty of wealth. They can afford it, believe me”

Zeba laughed out loud and mockingly said; “They will give wealth, money gifts? You think we are poor and greedy? Baby, it’s you, you are our wealth. We need nothing else now.”

“Now no more shit. If you keep nagging, I’ll lock you up in a dark dungeon. You will die to see the sunlight or breathe in fresh air. So better accept it as your destiny” said Noor Jehan the Ammi.

Resham asked Ammi to calm down. “The boy is finicky. We the young damsels will enjoy and have fun with him” So Ammi left for her room to rest. Zeba scolded Resham “Talk to him straight and tell him about the system prevailing her” Then she herself started talking to Babloo; “Hey you! Don’t be obstinate. Wash yourself. Eat and be friendly with everyone. Ammi is a very cruel woman. We ambushed you to show our obedience. If you resist and disobey her, you’ll be imprisoned. Nobody will ever come to know about you. There’s one very brutal man. If he’s called then you will have your share of music. He breaks the limbs of a person or makes a person blind to make him a beggar. So my dear decide whether you want to live here accordingly or want to be a beggar or lost with the wind. Final decision is yours”

Babloo wept copiously again begging to let him free and let him go home to his parents. Ammi entering the room asked the girls to leave. She asked them not to chain up the boy nor lock him.

Ammi the Guru said to Babloo; "My dear feel at home. Eat, drink, and wash up. The washroom is just at the back of this room. We are tired too and would sleep now. It's quite late now. Don't ever try to run away as it will only hurt you but never let you go. Very dangerous watchmen are guarding this place. They will break you if you try to escape. So behave and be at ease"

He lay lifeless on the floor. He tried to get up but he was so frightened by their warnings that in spite of all his effort he couldn't stand on his feet. He desperately wished his father would trace him and get him free with the help of police. But it was all his foolish thoughts. It was his disobedience that brought him in this hell, he thought.

"Mama, I'm scared, please get me free from these devils. They have put me in small cell. I feel I'm inferior to animals"

He lay still for many hours on the floor. There was complete silence. Babloo feeling hungry ate a mouthful of bread. He choked on the bread; he drank water from the pitcher. Babloo tried to get to his feet but felt weak, he just couldn't. Darkness and stillness gave him courage to stand up, find a way to run away. Thus he put his books in his bag and peeped here and there. The walls were not very high. He could jump over and escape. But----he felt eyes staring at him. He felt a wave of fright run along his spine. He dropped the idea and sat down on the floor.

Few moments had passed only when he saw someone switched the light open in the courtyard.

They were Husna and Nilofar coming towards him. "Dear! Can't go to sleep? Are you restless? Don't worry we are here"

Babloo pretended to be sleeping but actually he was cursing and wishing them all to die.

He knew they came only to make him realize that they were watching his every movement.

He was missing his mother;

"Dreams of screams
Dreams which scream
What runs in my fright?"

My mother is my light

Nilofar pressing Babloo's wrist gently said, 'He is such a chum like a lollipop"
Husna mischievously said; "Eat him up then"
"Why to hurry, why to worry, he's a full box of candies. He's ours" She winked at Nilofar
'Stupid, they think me like a box of candies? I would have given a tight punch if any of my friends had said it? But I'm chained."
Babloo lay asleep. So the girls went to their room to sleep.
Babloo missed his father;

"Goodbye Papa please pray for me
I was the black sheep of the family
you tried to teach me right from wrong
too much plum and too much song;
Goodbye Papa it's hard to live"

Babloo sat up and tried to recite holy verses from Quran but he couldn't remember them in sequence. Though he had completed reading Quran by a Spiritual teacher, but at that moment when he needed most to seek Allah's help he was unsuccessful. It may be due to depression and aggression that he forgot. He felt disheartened. Thinking he was in chains for many centuries he slept.
He got up thinking he was at his home so with closed eyes he called his mother. But alas! He was not lying on a soft comfortable luxurious bed in an air-conditioned room, rather lying on a filthy soggy floor.
Nilofar and Zeba came to his room hearing him calling his mother. "Awaken sweetheart! You've been sleeping almost the whole day. Now wash and tidy yourself. Would you like to have snacks or dinner? Anything you ask will be provided. Get up quickly and freshen up then we'll play hide and seek"
The so called washroom was a filthy stinking place. He put his hand on his nose to avoid the awful bad smell and hurriedly came out.
Hot sizzling kebabs and fried rice with yogurt awaited him. Nilofar tried to feed him like he was a baby. Babloo refused to eat while in mourning. The girls left him and went away laughing mimicking him and chanting she left;

“I love you, I love you,
and I love you so much
If I had a peanut
I'd give you the shell
I Love you, I Love you
my love is so lovely
you have no life outside of
this site, home and us all”

Zeba then giving him a big hug told him that; “Nilofar is right. Whoever enters this place can never escape from it. So borne this in mind very clearly that Ammi is your mother now and we all are your friends, lovers, beloved whatever title you like to choose. Now you and we’ll be here together to enjoy life to the fullest”

“Idiots, bitches, they think I’m their friend. I’ll make love with them?” Babloo muttered

Hearing this, Zeba gave a hard slap on his face. Not only this but she punched him, kicked him and uttered all slangs the pimps and sluts use.

Ammi freed the boy from brutality of Zeba. Ammi said embracing Babloo; “He’s just a kid. He didn’t abuse any one of us. He was unhappy and missing his home so by mistake he uttered this word. He belongs to educated family. He’s very decent. Don’t get upset. He will slowly learn the etiquettes of our family”

Ammi’s words pacified every one. After Ammi and Zeba left the room, Nilofar fondling Babloo tried to comfort him, saying; “You never know what’s in your destiny dear one. You may get a chance to go your own home, to your parents.”

Babloo was more than pleased to hear such soothing words. He wanted assurance so asked her; “Will you let me go, really? Do you mean it? Are you telling the truth?”

“I can’t tell you exactly when and how. Whatever is written in your fate will come true. So now relax and come along with me to the patio”

The patio was decorated with carpets on the floor and floor cushions. Some eatables were placed nicely. Some were smoking others were enjoying snacks and mouth fresheners.

One of them started playing a small drum to make the situation pleasant and harmonious.

One of them said; “Show us the performance of Romeo Juliet”
Husna and Laxmi both were ready to perform. “Juliet darling, come early tomorrow”
Juliet dancing said, “I’ll, I’ll come my love—but where?”
“We’ll go watch movie” Romeo said. There was a roar of laughter. Zeba pretending to be angry; “We are Juliet and Romeo, it’s our choice where to go or what to do”
Juliet asked for the fast music so they could dance.
They started singing and dancing,

“We had joy, we had fun
we had seasons in the sun
But the hills that we climbed
were just seasons out of time
And get my feet back on the ground
Dear Juliet it's hard to die
when all the birds are singing in the sky
Now that the spring is in the air
with the flowers everywhere
I wish that we could both be there”

Babloo was getting bored to see them dance in such vulgar indecent way, jumping, fondling, and clapping doing erotic body movements.
More of such entertaining skits were performed. Some items amused Babloo as well. The party ended late at night. Everyone enjoyed and happily went to sleep

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Chapter 5

Weeks and months passed. Babloo kept trying to escape, to beg to let him free. He even tried to run away in pitch dark nights, during scorching noon but all in vain. He was caught every time. Babloo was given severe punishments like standing under the sun naked or whipped by Ammi, thrashed brutally by Zeba or Resham. He was made to dance for hours or to serve others like slave. No mercy by anyone of them if he tried to be naughty or run away.
No effort borne fruit. His wish to flee or get free weakened with passing time. As a result he became very composed and sober. Environment affects

everything. Babloo also enjoyed wearing bright and colorful dresses, wore make up and jewelry, bangles and anklets and behaved in the same way. At times he himself danced to the beat and sang the songs they sung.

Everyone was pleased to see the changes in Babloo. They started developing trust in him. The girls or eunuchs like Zeba, Nilofar and others went to earn outside by dancing singing and playing slapstick comedian items.

One Friday they had gone out, Ammi was cooking and busy with other petty household work. After she completed household errands she bathed and recited holy Quran for few minutes then wrapped it put it back on the shelf.

Babloo watched her keenly. He asked Ammi; “Ammi are you literate? Have you read the holy Quran? I’m impressed”

Ammi shyly said; ‘No dear one, I just recite Bismillah which means to start in the name of Allah. However, being a Muslim I have great regard, love full faith in it”

“You are Ammi. My mother also said the same. But she could read it properly”

“Why do you burn incense sticks and make delicious rich dishes on every Thursday?” Asked Babloo

“It brings good luck. We feed poor to get reward from Allah. To prosper to get rich, to get more food” Ammi answered him back happily.

Then she asked him to get his hair clear of lice. Babloo said, “I didn’t have any lice before. You have put them in my hair”

Ammi just laughed and enjoyed. She told him to go to washroom where she will give him bath.

Babloo refused. He said; “I will take bath myself. No need of you to come there”

She agreed. But after a while she said; “listen boy, tomorrow dress up like a girl to offer food to a saint”

Babloo refused to behave like a girl. He said he will do all work but like a boy as he is a boy.

“Don’t be obstinate my love. What’s your real name?”

“My name is Waqar meaning respect” Babloo replied. He thought; ‘What respect he’s getting here. He was ashamed of such kind of respect”

Ammi saw him weeping profusely so she embraced him and said; “My dear little girl, you will get love and respect here too. Stop crying. I’m your mother and we all love you”

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Chapter 6

The sun was setting. Orange light of twilight colored the whole outlook worth seeing. Zeba and Nilofar had beautifully set the patio with red carpets, bright yellow adorned pillows and floor cushions. Babloo firmly refused to wear girl’s attire. He only wore a pink big scarf when entered the patio. Ammi Huzoor seeing him flared up; “Hey you boy, have you forgotten the slashing and whipping of Maula Bux. Remembering cruel Maula Bux and beating gave Babloo a wave of fright run through his spine. Nilofar dragging him into the room scolded said; “Why don’t you obey. Don’t you remember your bleeding wounds caused by whipping? Aren’t you scared? Have mercy on yourself. I can’t see you being tortured”. Babloo also turned pale out of fear. But he insisted that he would take them off sooner the function is over. Nilofar agreed.

When Nilofar brought Babloo dressed like a girl, with makeup and costume jewelry everyone was speechless. He looked very pretty young girl.

“Wow! She’s looking like a beautiful fairy! You justify a handsome groom” Ammi Huzoor said smiling at him.

“Now if you like any name tell us otherwise we will call you Gulnar from today. Do you know what does Gulnar mean?” Babloo just nodded his head. “Gulnar means pretty, like a blooming flower”

Ammi Huzoor said smiling looking lovingly at him.

“I won’t reply you” Babloo replied rudely without even raising his head.

Zeba said to him clapping and tapping her feet; “Gullu who are you fooling? Who else will answer if not you?” Nilofar pinched his cheek and passionately hugged him. Babloo tried to get away from Nilofar but the grip was tight, he let her do it. Noor Jehan pulled her back saying sheepishly; ‘”He’s a small boy. Leave him. You want to eat him up”

“Just can’t resist. He’s so sexy and appealing” Nilofar muttered

“Let the celebration of making him a complete eunuch be over, then he’ll be at our disposal. You can play and enjoy the way you like but not now.” Ammi said.

They were in jovial mood so they sang, cracked silly jokes, pulling each other's leg and shared cranky lose talk.
Babloo also enjoyed boogie in their company. He was becoming familiar to it. He had also started talking like girls sometimes. They all enjoyed him talking like girls and boys at the same time. He was living a twofold character. It was her first successful chipping in as Gulnar. Everyone embraced her in excitement adoringly hugging him.

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CHAPTER 7

Babloo was now Gulnar. Babloo, now Gulnar tried several times to flee at night when he thought everyone was sleeping. At times he dreadfully missed his home, mother and friends.
But every time he was caught and severely punished. Hence with every passing day the memories gradually faded. He became used to the environment. Now he liked to sing and learn new steps and ways of dancing. He had grown his hair long so he made braids and tried new hair styles. He wore bright floral girls' clothes with makeup and jewelry with pleasure. Time and tide waits for no one. Years entirely changed his persona. Gulnar grew into a beautiful maiden.
Observing Gulnar completely adjusted Ammi and others gave her liberty to move freely. She went out for shopping or to buy veggies, other commodities or go out for relaxation too.
Sometimes she thought of seeing her parents—but then his get up? "Will they recognize me in this get up?"He thought if they recognize him they will be remorseful too see doctor Faraz's son turned to eunuch. Onlookers will make fun of him." Once his mother told him that once a person becomes a eunuch, his family and relatives do not accept him. "My mother will accept me as her son. She will forgive him. How will she have spent time without him? How will his father be? Did he report his absence in police or did he ever try to find him? Why couldn't he reach this place and get me back home?"
These were the burning questions that often disturbed. He went through this agony at night when alone. Tears flowing heart aching but helpless Babloo! He once made up his mind to go to his house, see them but not disclose his new identity. He will not tell them that he is the same son; they wanted him to become a renowned doctor---- restless and sleepless he

would always share his soreness with Ammi, Nilofar and Zeba. They realized his feelings. Always treated him kindly

His constant urge to see his parents once, Zeba and Nilofar told him that; "Whenever you wish to go, we'll take you there Gulnar"

"But, they would not allow me to enter the house" He was upset.

"Hey! Sweetie! Why go in the house? You see from distance while we'll keep them engaged. We come back then"

After thoughtful discussion, Sunday was decided to visit Babloo's home. They also planned how to engage his parents for sometime so Babloo could see them nicely,

Gulnar was instructed that when his parents open the door she could cover her face.

The day came. Gulnar wore red shirt black shalwar, black beads wicker in neck, baby cut hair style. She looked charming. "Will they recognize me as their Babloo?" He thinking this convinced him; "Babloo died many years ago. I'm Gulnar now"

Zeba and Nilofar knew what Gulnar was going through so patted her and assured her that they are with her so she need not get worried. "We know how to play" We all love you and will do anything to make you happy. You are our gem, our hope, our future." Ammi Huzoor caressing her said. Meanwhile Resham brought a bowl of water for Gulnar. They all did care for Gulnar!

They started off for Gunnar's home on the set day. Getting a taxi for other city was not a big deal for them. "Do you remember the way to your home sweetheart?" Nilofar whispered in Gulnar's ear. "Who can ever forget his home in the world?" Gulnar told her in deep sulky voice.

After driving for 2 or 3 hours, the suburbs of Gulnar's city came into vision. Everything was same except for some old houses renovated, restaurants progressed to big ones. There were some new schools and shops. The vendors and hawkers wandered the same way. She recognized few of them. They had aged with time. Her heart beat was very fast as she got closer to her home. She was kidnapped from the same area. She envisioned everything. She was there but for few moments only. She heaved a sigh of hopelessness.

"Turn right, then cross this ground" Gulnar guided the taxi driver. As they crossed the ground, she saw her home. It looked deserted with grey paint

conked out and busted. Flower beds turned to just dry weeds. Trees of pomegranate, papaya and palm had withered.

Her heart missed a beat to see her home that used to be once, so well maintained.

She thought how she will see her parents. Will she go and cling to their bosom. How will she control herself? She was much tensed.

“Where to turn?” The taxi driver asked them

Nilofar shaking Gulnar said, “He’s been asking so many times. Why don’t you guide him Gulnar?”

Gulnar coming back from her thoughts, said, “That black gate, just there”

Zeba pinching the shoulder of taxi driver said; “Turn towards that motel Baby”

“Behave yourself, don’t pinch me! He yelled at her rubbing his shoulder”

“Don’t bark. I didn’t fuck you, you bastard” The driver kept quiet.

Resham asked Gulnar to be composed. “Wipe your face, don’t cry now”. “Beware Gulnar! There should be no deceiving. See this pistol. Ammi Huzoor gave it, to use if needed”

“Didn’t Ammi Huzoor tell you many times that, parents never accept their eunuch child? How dear he may be. They feel ashamed to have a eunuch in their family. They die of grief but never acknowledge. So don’t ignite their pain again with any of your silly action” Resham said putting pistol back in her bag. Gulnar was weeping throughout. “Stop it now” She reminded Gulnar.

Taxi stopped by a restaurant. “Let’s beat the heat with cooled soft drinks” Zeba said showing her chemise and waving people sitting there. “Bring four ice-cold bottles with lemon and crushed ice” Zeba ordered in loud hoarse voice.

The people enjoyed to see eunuchs there. They came near the taxi and started cracking jokes. Some boys at the counter came along too. Seeing them Gulnar at once veiled her face.

“Is he your fiancé or boyfriend Gulnar? Why do you feel shy and cover your face?”

Nilofar said seeing a handsome boy in blue jersey and black jeans. “Shut up! He’s nothing for me. He’s Babloo’s friend Raghib. Crazy Psycho has grown tall. He might recognize me”

“Why do you stare at me man?” Zeba asked that boy in a naughty style.

“You are an item to be seen and enjoyed” He replied smiling. “Come near

then darling, what fun to watch and hang around there" She said winking and clapping. Resham snubbing Nilofar said; "Forget him. He's a sissy boy" "Hey! I'm not that effeminate. Don't take me easy" He replied scornfully puffing his cigarette on them

"Come on then, have fun with us. We are not reserved either. My heart is yours take me in your arms" The boy waving at them smiling sheepishly went on his way.

"You jealous cat you made him runaway" said Nilofar to Resham making faces at her. Resham pulling her braid said; "Whose jealous of, you horrible stout dumbo"

The people standing around enjoyed their silly loose talk

Zeba looking them said seriously; "What have we come here for? To create scene or let Gulnar meet her people? I'll make complains against you all when get home. Just wait!"

Zeba laughed in such a comical way that her mouth freshener dribbled all over. She begged Zeba not to say anything to Ammi Huzoor. The waiter brought cold drinks. Having enjoyed the ice-cold drinks they headed off to Gulnar's home in taxi. Reaching near the home they got down, all four of them and walked. Nilofar and Resham lead the way, while Gulnar in the middle and Zeba followed behind. Gulnar covered her face half, with her veil. Her heart was beating fast and her legs were trembling. Nilofar rang the doorbell. It didn't open. Nilofar rang it 3 times one after the other. A man's voice heard. "Who is it?" "Might be Daddy" Gulnar died and Babloo relived at that moment!

Zeba politely said, "Please open the door" after a while footsteps heard coming towards the door. The door opened. An old bearded man stood in front of the, He said; "You folk here? What brings you here?" "He's daddy. He didn't have beard before" Gulnar whispered in Zeba's ears. "Go and ask for forgiveness? Zeba pinched so hard that Gulnar moaned. "Just shut your mouth" Zeba warned Gulnar.

"We are in search of a house since morning. Time has changed. Everything changed too. Now so many T.V channels, cable network Computers etc. No one likes us for entertainment now. There are so many other ways to enjoy. We are the ones who are suffering"

"What can I do for you?" He asked confused. "You can help us by allowing us to present some item. We haven't eaten since morning. We have no money to buy. Believe us please"

پاک سوسائٹی ڈاٹ کام پر موجود آل ٹائم بیسٹ سیلرز:-



Nilofar started drumming while Zeba and Resham danced singing;

My heart is burning in thy love,
What's my fault?
It's a good way to capture heart!
I know how long it has been
To find a way to meet you!
Will never come again
These blissful moments again!
Say it, say it please you are my Sonia

Drumming and singing worked. A tired old lady came out. She was Gulnar's mother. She asked; "What is going on here?" "God knows why they are, singing and dancing here"

"Mama" Gulnar called her mother impulsively. "Who called me?" She looked all around.

"It's nothing. It's your perception" He held her hand. While Resham held Gulnar close to herself as she was about to fall or faint

The other two girls continued their show. People gathered and showered money according to their type and way. Resham collected currency notes and coins, blessing them for long healthy life, prosperity and their charity.

The old lady went in the house and came back with a pink silken suit piece and a hundred rupee note. She giving it pleaded, to pray that her lost son may come back home. She was all tears and grief from head to foot. The old man also stood there with wet eyes. Gulnar sobbed too. The old man asked them; "Who is she? She is so quite. She neither talks, sings nor dances"

Nilofar replied immediately; "She's sick. She has fever, vertigo and headache"

The man saying went inside: "Let me bring medicine for her"

They hurriedly wrapped up and rushed for the taxi that was on standby. The old lady called them loudly to wait and take the medicine. "We do our own medication" Taxi started. Nilofar gave the suit piece and 100 rupee note to Gulnar saying; "Take it. It's your mother's last gift to you. Do borne in mind that it was your last time to be here"

Gulnar tightly held the cloth to her bosom and hugging it kept weeping. Taxi excelled speed towards the haunted house

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Chapter 8

Gulnar pretended to be normal and unconcerned regarding her parents. But actually she was very depressed after coming back from seeing them. They were so distressed and washed-out without her. Gulnar thought of fleeing and going back to her parents. But she knew it will only create a scene. Parents will be ridiculed that their son became a eunuch. Eunuch has no standing in society. He/she is taken as an element of amusement. She also thought to take help from police. But Ammi Huzoor once told him that police only helps the criminals. They create problems not resolve them. Moreover if she seeks help from police then Ammi Huzoor, Nilofar and all others who love her so much will be taken into police custody just because of her. But, she thought it's them only who kidnapped and ruined his life.

Thus she has no other option but to be a eunuch. A eunuch is always eunuch!

She accepted to be a eunuch for rest of her life. She knew if she runaway, she'll be found and ruinously punished. Moreover Saqib and the cycle wala Norah will not spare her either. She herself was involved with them in supplying heroin to University and college students. Norah mended cycle tubes on the face but actually he hid heroin in tubes and drums. Resham and Gulnar were hired by the druggists. Heroin was sold and supplied to buyers in restaurants, hotels, shops etc. No one suspected as they presented dance and musical shows. Norah and Saqib gave Rs.300, 500, sometimes even 1000 after every show. In time of inflation and especially when eunuchs are not welcomed for their erotic actions. That amount was good enough to meet their needs.

Ammi Huzoor often politely told Gulnar that money earned unfairly is not ethical. Life and respect always remain at risk. She also said that; "Gullu Rani, don't involve you or Resham in such unethical source of income. We have earned with hard work and sustained effort for ages" Resham always made fun of such advices. She would say; "We too work very hard to earn" She teased them: "We are like this, we'll be like this, someone likes or dislikes, we don't care" "We'll be as we are"

One day, after many days of routine living all girls were ready to go out to earn their living. Gulnar was about to go as well, but Ammi Huzoor

requested her to stay home with her that day. “Why Ammi Huzoor” Gulnar asked politely.
“It’s my wish darling. I want to share lots of things today in private. I’ll make minced pancakes myself, especially for you”
“Gullu is Ammi’s favorite only. She’s the gem of her cluster. We mean nothing to Ammi” Zeba protested clapping and smiling at her
“Gullu is very dear to me. That’s true! I liked her from day one. She is so innocent and adorable. I do love her. I don’t care if you like it or not. She’s my pet” Ammi Huzoor said.
Agreeing with Ammi, they all left.
Gullu came and sat close to Ammi Huzoor.
“Gullu?” “Yes, Ammi Huzoor. What is it?”
“You are very dear to me. Now go and bring me nice cup of tea. Hey, I saved some biscuits and sweets for you from that day. They are there in a plate on the shelf whereas; sweets are in the box. Bring them here”
“What day Ammi Huzoor?” Asked Gullu
“Remember the day when that saint had come and we celebrated. We burned aromatic ember incenses etc” After a few minutes Gullu came in with nicely set biscuits and sweets in a tray along with hot tea. They both enjoyed chatting, eating and sipping tea together for some time. Ammi Huzoor then said to her; “Gullu I want to say something important to you today”
Gullu laughed heartily sprinkling tea on her face. Ammi didn’t mind it at all and started again;
“See Gullu, I’m worried for you! I keep an eye on you to protect you save you from evil doers. But life is running out swiftly and unknowingly. How long will you save your vanity? You are an untouched and pure yet. What if I am no more tomorrow?”
“What are you talking about Ammi Huzoor, I just can’t follow you” Gulnar said shyly. “Don’t pretend to be so unwise Gullu” “You are pure and unmarked. Listen to me! Become Nirban” “Gulnar astonishingly asked; “What is Nirban Ammi Huzoor?” “Told you once about it Gullu Remember, no pain no gain or simply, give to Get!” “Get rid of it” Hearing this Gullu turned pale. It was so frightening. “Don’t be scared my love. Just a little pain and you’ll enjoy the rest of your life with leisure. Look, most of us are born eunuchs, you are still a male. How long will you fool others pretending to be a eunuch? Dear one, you have to sacrifice!”

"You have to bear the pain. Weep, seep and feel deep grief ---but you have to, to become a real eunuch. Real Eunuch is distressed, down and dejected thus his prayers are answered promptly. Your wish and omen is effectual. People believe in it" Ammi Huzoor tried to convince Gulnar to get ready to become a real eunuch. She then caressed Gullu and soothes her fear by kind words.

Then she again said; "Let me share my story with you today." "I never shared it with anyone here. Those who knew about me died or left this place. I was son of a very rich family. I also went to school. I was kidnapped and brought here. But I'm happy I was kidnapped and brought here" Gulnar was surprised to know all this, hence she asked, "Why Ammi Huzoor?"

"Because, Gullu, I didn't have to undergo the process to become eunuch. I was a born eunuch. Nobody would have accepted me after knowing my factual identity. Life would have been incomplete and troublesome. Same is here. In the beginning I also tried to escape and runaway but every time caught like you. Now I'm used to this life. Now we work hard to earn our living. We have everything here. All facilities are here. Love, care, cooperation, mutual understanding and what not! At times I miss my home and it burns my heart. I feel strong urge to be fugitive. But, it's no use. See I'm your mother. We have shelter food everything, so why run and ruin"

Ammi putting aside curly locks from Gullu's forehead hugged her lovingly.

"Be specific Ammi Huzoor. Don't play riddles with me. Explain it detail what do you want me to do"

Seeing Gullu so upset, Ammi Huzoor comforted her saying; "Don't be scared. No worry no hurry! If you don't want it done, it's ok. It's not compulsion, but there's just delight after you are through it"

"There's grand gala after it. You'll be adorned with a diamond crown. You will get countless gifts. Everyday a party will be thrown in your honor. Fake eunuchs don't enjoy this valor and verve."

"We'll have fun too." Zeba, Nilofar and Resham entering the patio said.

"You are here at this time? So early? What happened?"

Ammi Huzoor asked them. "What to moan Ammi Huzoor. People have become so miser. Nobody welcomes us or let us present our show. We heard of baby boy born in milkman Majeed's home after ten long years in the nearby colony. "He only gave us a kilo of wheat, some pieces of jiggery (gurr) and a hundred rupee note only after our sincere wishes for long

health life of their baby”. “No suit, no sweet no gift nothing at all” Zeba added.
Ammi Huzoor instead of replying stood up saying; “I should like to enjoy myself thoroughly, and coquet with the entire world till I’m on the verge of being called an old devout”
She danced with her jingling bells tied around her ankles with her open slack hair;

“I have blessings of Peer Baba,
Baba Jamalo’s blessings too
Baba Kamalo’s blessings too
I’m blessed by Peer Baba”

Nilofar played drum and Ammi Huzoor kept dancing on Shahbaz Qalander’s divine songs while Zeba joined ogling. It was an exciting scene. Ammi Huzoor fainted while passionately dancing. Resham asked to leave her there on the floor. Peer Baba is there for her. She further said to Gulnar; “Gullu, you have to become Nirban. Peer Baba comes only, when some important and difficult decision is to be taken”
She further said; “Gullu you will not feel too much pain as Peer Baba’s blessings are with you”
Nilofar entered the room with scented incense. “Bring the sweets that I just bought. They are fresh and juicy”
Within no time garlands and sweets was there in the room. Nilofar sprinkled water on Ammi Huzoor’s face. She opened her eyes. Resham and Nilofar helped her sit on the bed. Ammi Huzoor set her hair properly and swayed slowly. Resham put one garland in Ammi’s neck and one in Gulnar’s. Then they enjoyed eating juicy yummy gulab jamun and laddoos (Pakistani sweets)

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Chapter 9

For a week or two Gulnar remained in drowsy state. She would half awake and half asleep. Thinking of something and doing something else. She was lost. She tried to remember her childhood, puberty period then maturity. But she couldn’t decide or come to any conclusion. When she slept, she slept for hours and hours. One day she asked Ammi Huzoor pensively; “Ammi Huzoor, what’s wrong with me? I see stars and moon during daytime. I see you, standing upside down.”

Ammi Huzoor convincing her said; “It’s nothing Gullu. Since it’s very hot so you are feeling dizzy. Drink this cool barley drink and you’ll feel good. Now tell me when do you like to have operation?” “What operation? You are very strange Ammi Huzoor. Sometimes you soothe me with barley drink then you ask me to undergo operation. What kind of a mother you are? Keep this glass here and get lost” Clapping she started ogling.

After few days she felt better and came to her senses. Though she didn’t like to, but Ammi Huzoor’s constantly asking irritated her. She agreed to undergo operation.

The day came. Operation was done. It was tough risky and very painful. For first few days she cried at the top of her voice. The pain was unbearable. Everyone was very caring and kind. They cared for her medication, food and rest and every need exceedingly and dutifully.

The wounds healed gradually. After forty days when Gulnar recovered completely she was asked by Ammi Huzoor to go to a forest. Gulnar went there. With her arms around the green tree, she wept bitterly and prayed for her rich booming healthy life. When she prayed and felt relieved she opened her eyes. She saw the tree withering and its leaves falling. She smiled. It was a sign that her prayer is answered. Ammi Huzoor had told this to her when she was leaving for jungle.

She shared it with Ammi Huzoor when she got home. Ammi Huzoor was all love and blessings for her. She gave money in charity. Gullu had a bath, wore new dress. Ammi Huzoor put some sweet thing in her mouth. Gulnar then came to her room and lay down on her bed. She was thinking of her coronation ceremony, gifts, and parties. She was now a real eunuch. Lost in thoughts she slept.

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Chapter 10

When she awoke the next day, it was noon. She was surprised that she slept so long. She was alone in the house while others had gone to make money. After washing and cleaning she went to the kitchen. She lit the stove to make tea. She opened the Tiffin boxes. One box had some sweets, the other box contained paratha (fried bread) and the third one having some typical candies. She opted for the paratha.

She was relaxed as no fear to undergo operation any more. It was over. After breakfast she stood in front of the mirror wearing a shocking pink suit and started to beautify herself with more makeup.

Gulnar was putting on makeup when Malika and Nilofar returned home. They had a sack on their back. Hurriedly both girls untied the sack. A boy of eight to ten years of age came out of it.

“Oh my God!” screamed Gulnar. “Shut up” Nilofar bawled back.

The mouth of the boy was taped to keep him silent. Resham quickly took off the tape. But the boy lay still. He didn’t move. “He looks unconscious.” Gulnar said concerned. “He was made unconscious. But he should come back to his senses now. It’s been more than half an hour now.

Zeba was worried for the boy. After a short while the boy started coming back to senses. He slowly moved his limbs and opened his eyes and looked around the cell he was in. Seeing them, the poor child screamed out of terror. He started weeping. Gulnar stepping forward took the boy in her arms. She said; “Don’t cry dear, we’ve been through the same. Everything will be fine. This was in your destiny.” Zeba groaned at her; “What the hell you are talking about Gulnar?”

“I’m telling the truth.” Hugging the boy Gulnar said again; “He’s my son my dear one”

“Give him some water to drink and feed him. He’ll also become Nirban, just like you, when he grows up” Gullu didn’t reply. She comforted the boy and made him drink water. In the meantime, Resham brought the same chain Gullu was tied when brought there. Babloo’s blood stains were yet seen on the chain. “Where did you find him?” Gulnar whispered in Nilofar’s ear.

“We were after him many months. Every day he used to go to school holding mother’s finger”

Often we saw him play with children or play alone too. But we never got a chance. Today this prince was catching fish in a puddle. If bait is attractive but the hunter is weak then he can’t catch fish. He was trying to catch fish for almost an hour but failed every time. So we threw our bait towards him. He took the toffees from us. He ate one and was about to eat other -------- but couldn’t. He made it for us to sack him and thus he’s here”

“Will you keep on telling the story? Remember we have to bring one more boy?” Malika pulling the curly locks of Nilofar reminded her.

“Who’s the other one?” Gulnar pinching Nilofar’s cheek asked.”My chummy sweetheart the day when you had gone out somewhere, the same midwife

of that hospital, came to inform us that a eunuch baby is born in a landlord's home. He's genuine eunuch, pure and genuine, unlike this boy" She made faces at him. "Last year she broke the news too of bay eunuch born". You know, Ammi Huzoor gives her 500 Rupees for every eunuch born in hospital."

We went to that house and asked Mother for the baby; "Please give this baby to us. Allah has sent it for us. It's eunuch. It is ours"

"Do you know Gullu what that madcap woman said?" "Don't call my baby, a eunuch. He's our baby. He's baby of a noble family." Baby's grandmother also rebuking us said;

"We will educate him and make him a man of position. If any child is born with any defect in e.g. blind, lame, crippled, is he thrown away or given in charity centers? Our baby is fine. If at all he has any problem. We can take care of. He's the apple of our eye"

"Grandma, don't get angry please. Calm down and think it over. Why do you want to spoil his life? We'll give you ten thousand rupees cash against him."

"Will you shut up? Take the same amount from us" Grandma said scornfully. "Okay fine, you give us ten thousand" "You think we'll give our hard earned money just for fun. You eunuchs, scoundrel, rascals, get lost!"

"We had milk and milk bottle with us along with baby's required accessories, but had to rush back home unsuccessful"

Resham holding the tambourine asked Nilofar to accompany her quickly as Ammi Huzoor will get annoyed. She then asked Gulnar; "Gullu jani, we're going. You and Zeba take care of this boy. Don't worry; the vigilant guards are there outside. No one can get in" Both went on their way

"This is my baby. I'll take good care of him". Gulnar said as she caressed the young boy.

When Zeba got busy in household work and Gulnar was alone with the boy, she asked, "My dear prince, where's your home?" Hearing the word home, the boy started crying. "Don't cry baby, I'm your friend, your aunty, your mother, everything. Just tell me where's your home is. I might help you. Maybe I can take you to your home" "Are you sure? You will let me free?" The boy asked her crying.

"Yes! But promise me that you will not share it with anyone here; otherwise I will be killed before you are punished. So there'll be no one to help you after me. You will spend rest of your life here as a eunuch" Heaving a deep

grieved sigh Gulnar further said, “Your home, future, your life everything will be finished”

“Okay, I’m telling you, but first give me some water, I’m very thirsty” The boy said with hope.

Gulnar giving water said to him; “Drink water and eat biscuits and freshen up. Meanwhile I’m going to the kitchen to make tea. I’m warning you, don’t try to escape. You’ll be caught and killed” “No, no, I won’t dare to” The boy replied stammering

“Aye Gullu is the boy settling down?” Zeba asked Gullu

“That’s what I’m trying to” Gullu said ogling and amatory glancing at him

“Ammi Huzoor has given his responsibility to you. Only you can handle him” Zeba playfully smiling said.

Gulnar pouring out tea from the black big kettle nodded her head.

While having tea, she again asked the boy: “Tell me more”

The boy hesitatingly said; “My father’s name is Khalid, and mummy is Azra Khalid, and-and our home is in Macchhi Miani market. I want to go home” He said as he started weeping again.

“Don’t worry child! Drink water. Allah will set things right” Gulnar comforted him. He continued; “Our house is newly painted grey. And the gate is black.” “Oh! We also have a bakery close by our home.” “We used to tease the bakery man singing;

Patty cake, patty cake, baker's man
Bake me a cake as fast as you can;
Roll it up, roll it up;
And throw it in a pan!

Patty cake, patty cake, baker's man” The baker ran after us abusing and we the children, enjoyed. The boy chuckled. He enjoyed eating biscuits. All of a sudden he remembered something and pulled out a packet of sweets from his pocket and asked Gulnar; “Throw these away. Don’t eat any otherwise they will seize you too” He started crying again begging Gulnar to take him to his home immediately. He said crying that; “Day after is his birthday. My mummy must be upset. She must have called my Dad. He must be searching for me everywhere”

“How do you know all this Yasir?” Gulnar laughed. “I was gone astray once before too.”

"How come?" She laughed again. She was enjoying the boys open talk. "I went for a boat ride. I forgot to take permission from parent"

"What is a boot ride?" Gullu asked. "Oh, you don't know boat?" He said amusingly. "It's boat, not boot. Boat is a small ship" "Boat, oh yeah, I know boat. But here no one speaks like this so I didn't think about it"

The boy felt sorry for making fun of her. He joined his small hands and asked for forgiveness; "I'm very sorry. Please forgive me. I won't make fun again"

I was telling you about my being lost. When I got home mummy and Dad were very distressed. Dad hugged and cuddled me and wouldn't let me get down of his lap. He'd been looking for me everywhere. All uncles and aunts, friends gathered in our house. Each one of them was concerned about me. Mummy and Dad kept hugging and embracing me all through night. They love me so much. Please let me go. I beg of you"

"You are so kind and loving just my Bi Amma" "Who's Bi Amma?" Gulnar asked. "The lady who sells books"

"Hey lad! Why do you compare me the heartbroken, with that Bi Amma?" "Silly boy, I'm just a dancing puppet unlike Bi Amma" "Okay now, it's enough for today. Relax and feel at home. Refresh yourself. I'll get you some marbles. Play with them all by yourself. And, mind you, don't share what we talked with anyone" "How can I play alone?" He asked. "Okay. Let me finish my work then we both will play" "You will then take me home?"

"Hush quiet! Speak slowly. You will get us both in peril. Okay, listen!" Gulnar got more close to him and said, "What now?" "When will we go?"

"I can't say for sure, but I promise you that I will not let you become Gulnar nor let you parents suffer like mine. My parents are still waiting for their prince to come home galloping. Telling his mother that a magician had turned him into a statue, but with Princess Husn Ara's efforts the omen lost its magical effect. I have come to you. As it happens in Fairy tales" Gulnar was very depressed.

The boy asked Gulnar; "Who is Babloo?" "Babloo is not, Babloo was" "He died leaving me in this hell. I saw him myself suicide. He was coward and stupid. He got scared of those who don't even know how to use weapons leave aside to killing" Gulnar spoke unclearly. "His cowardice left his parents to wait and weep the rest of their life remembering their son. Do the dead ever return?"

"What are talking about? I don't understand" The boy was confused to hear her talk.
Gulnar didn't reply but wept with him.

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Chapter 11

When the girls returned home in the evening, each one of them was concerned about the boy. "Gullu has he calmed down?"
"Did he behave well?"
"Is he under control?"
"Looks very sweet and innocent"
"My sweetheart, my love how dear you are to me" Ammi Huzoor said to him stretching her ugly big rough hands to embrace him. He looked at her in wonder. Gulnar winking Ammi Huzoor and Nilofar said swaying; "Even the animals take time to adjust. This place is new to him."
Ammi Huzoor laughing heartily said; "Gullu dear I swear you are expert now. After all who trained you?"
"You are 100 % right Ammi Huzoor. Hats off to you" She continued dancing and singing,

My prince will come galloping one day
He'll make delightful my nights and day
I'd dress up and adorn myself for him
Will delight in, sing and dance for him

Continuous dancing made Gullu weaken her stamina. She sat on the floor with tears shine. She ran to the wash room to hide her tears. "I had warned her not to dance and exert herself. Her stitches have not yet healed properly" Nilofar told Ammi Huzoor that Gullu was crying.
"What does a eunuch do after birth, just bemoan his fate?" "When he's born, not only he cries but makes everyone cry. No celebration, no party, no sweets. The house seems ghostly.
Resham said to Ammi Huzoor; "The scenario you described just now happens in a eunuch home. Gulnar is not a real eunuch".
"Real or not real is not the debate. However Gulnar is a real eunuch now. All throughout life we are ridiculed, abused and dejected. We bear all with smiles though our broken heart weeps."
"We are unfit in every field of life." "Thieves, robbers, snipers are better than us. They are at least, loved and cared for"

“Please stop it Ammi Huzoor! Why do you start all over again, at times? If you talk like this and demoralize us then where should we go? We have not been married yet” Malika said in a depressing tone.
“Sometimes I feel very down and utter all this” saying this she started dancing. In the meantime Gullu came in with fresh makeup. Reema put the kettle on the stove while she set biscuits, candies, and rolls in red floral plates. “Come on lad, my dear one, come and eat” Ammi Huzoor lovingly called the boy. “Get up, don’t behave like a lord. Everyone obeys Ammi Huzoor” Gulnar holding his hand said.
Ammi Huzoor taking him in her arms sits him in her lap. “You smell horrible, I don’t want to sit” The boy got down her lap putting his hand on his nose. “You crook! I give bad smell? Come here. Let me give you a tight slap. Leave it. You don’t know the etiquettes yet”
The boy came to his cell still holding his nose.
“Why didn’t you chain him Gullu?” “I’m with him. Don’t you worry? I’ll chain him when he sleeps” Gulnar said casually, playing with her braid’s ribbon.
“He looks very smart and sharp, be very alert” “If he’s sharp so am I” Gulnar said confidently like a man. Nilofar said swaying; “Ammi Huzoor, all of us keep an eagle’s eye on him”
“Be a good boy, eat this pancake, its Ammi Huzoor order” Zeba told the boy.
“I don’t want to eat it. Take it away!” “I want to go to my parents” He said weeping
“Better eat it now; otherwise you won’t get anything after this”
Zeba abusing him said; “eat it or you need hard blows?” Zeba getting furious kicked the boy so hard that he hit his head against the wall. His head started bleeding. Nilofar cleaned his wound and applied mercury chrome on the wound. Ammi Huzoor spoke softly to the boy; “if you don’t feel like eating, don’t eat. There’s no pressure on you”
While this happened Gulnar quietly had her tea and salty snacks.
After having tea everyone got busy in their daily schedule, while Gullu lay for some time.
Ammi Huzoor has exempted her from working as her stitches were still in healing.
Gullu was in deep grief since she had her operation. All hopes died to escape ever. She was a real eunuch now. She wept copiously often, for being so helpless.

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Chapter 12 Sunday 26.10.2014

The boy had been held captive for many days. One day when everyone was fast asleep, she inaudibly came to him. The boy was awake. He got up as soon as he saw her approaching “Aunty tomorrow is 27th February, my birthday. Will you drop me home tomorrow morning please?”

“I’ve to make preparations for it. I have to write happy birthday on colored papers and blow balloons. Decorate stage with mother.” My granny and aunts come to our home from morning. My uncles will come directly from their offices, with lots of gifts for me, like a Singing parrot, stuffed teddy bear, a live rabbit, electronic naughty monkey, cycle and what not”

“My cha-chas and mamus will bring fools caps, whistles, glasses, chocolates etc. I distribute among my friends.”

“Let me wear shoes, then we’ll go. Okay? All the devils are asleep.”

They boy was very excited from head to foot he was, but delight!

Holding her hand, he insisted to move. Gullu smiling said softly to him; “My dear, be patient! Excitement and to hurry will put us in danger I’ll bring bat ball and flowers for you next year on your birthday. Will you accept your poor aunt’s gift?” Gullu asked him

“Please don’t say this. You are so loving and caring, just like my mother” he said weeping “Okay, no crying now. I’ll take you to your home soon” “Are we going now?”

“Shut up! You are a real fool! Wait for just few days more”

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Chapter 13

Early the next morning, Gullu went out for some everyday work. Resham brought breakfast for him. “Come on baby, your lessons will start today. After breakfast tie a ghungroos (zils---small jingle bells) on your feet and show me how you dance.” Zeba wearing the drum said; “O’ Resham the ceremony hasn’t taken place of his eunuch’s training. That too is performed on Chandi Thursday”

“Oh my God, I just forgot!” Resham putting her hand on her forehead said “What’s wrong with you Resham? I have been observing you for last some days. You often forget things. Won’t you share with me?” she said gaiting

"That's not true, what you think. Actually I dream of my father every night. I miss him badly when wake up in morning. Though it was him only, who seizing me from my mother brought me here?" in the beginning he used to come and see me, brining all what I needed. Once brought my mother to meet me. From food to clothes, he provided everything for many years. But he stopped. Now it's been years I haven't seen him. I never went back to that house that turned me out for sake of their status, dignity in society. To get warmth of love of my mother was my right. To be born a eunuch, was not my fault. Once my father made me see my younger sister Alisha and brother Zeeshan from distance when they were going to school holding mother's finger. I very much wanted to run to them. I wanted to go to school too. Often I asked my father to let me meet my mother and brother and sister. But he always refused for fear of shame and disgrace for family." He said; "Would you like it, if your family is ridiculed just because of you?"

"I felt like my heart was hit by a stone. I felt very hurt. But obviously how could I be the reason of shame for the entire family?"

My father caressing me said; "People make fun without realizing that how much it hurts. Please try to understand our problem. You sister will not get married if people know that you are his eunuch brother. At times we become so helpless. Do you think I'm at ease to leave you here? I'm helpless my dear. He wept. I also wept silently. Then he put five one hundred rupee notes in my hand saying; "I'm going to other city and come after some time. When I come next time, I'll bring your mother along too"

He didn't come for a year and more, I got worried. I went to the hotel near my home and asked the owner; "How's Haji Saab, he was very generous and helped us?"

He replied; "Haji Saab passed away last year and his wife died six months back"

"Hearing about their demise, I wept uncontrollably." A man sitting there said; "Why are you crying?" "I'm crying because I miss my parents too"

"Your parents?" He laughed.

"What do you think, eunuchs fall from the sky on earth?" I started to laugh at this silly statement and laughed so much that everyone there thought I was insane."

"Recollecting myself I said, why aren't you all enjoying my songs" they approved of it and I started to sing,

"Come hither, come hither who wants to be with me
It's pleasant, cool and nice, come and dance with me"

Singing initiates to wave and then dance." After all we need money too, to meet our expenses. They enjoyed and I got lot of money in return." I gave food and money in charity for my parents' souls to rest in peace." "I bought some gifts for my brother and sister and sent them with friend that father's friend has sent from Dubai"

"Stop it Resham. We have heard this story of yours so many times that we know it by heart" Nilofar giving her bowl of water to drink and calm her down said. Gullu thought that everyone here is so hurt and wounded. Has story of agony of its own. They make others laugh without anyone knowing that how deeply hurt these eunuchs is. She felt so sorry for each one of them.

Pressing her stomach Gullu made a carping sound. Resham giving her a pillow lovingly said to her; "Ammi Huzoor has advised for you to rest for some days. Your stitches are not yet healed properly." Gullu lay on the floor to rest.

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Chapter 14

With every passing day, Gulnar recovered. She could do her daily work without difficulty. Every day they would set out in groups after breakfast for their bread and butter in different surroundings. They would go anywhere where a baby was born, arranged marriage, birthday or any merry celebration, to perform and be rewarded.

They never asked permission but entered the house and started their dancing and singing.

After rewards and charity, they blessed the family. People firmly believed in eunuchs' blessings and omen. Hence they were showered with money, sweets and clothes. It was customary in those days.

One day Ammi Huzoor was playing the dhol while Zeba, Nilofar and Gullu were dancing at a wedding, when suddenly Nora the cycle mender appeared. He called Gullu; "O' pretty woman, sweetie! First listen to me then keep dancing"

Gullu held him by the collar said; "I have asked you so many times not to disturb and ruin my show" "Leave me, then I'll tell you" he said. Leaving his collar, but with snap of her finger asked him to run off.

“What I’m telling is that, the effort you make wandering, exerting yourself in heat and cold, burning out stamina, perspiring and not getting enough either. And the money you get after so much hard is taken by your Guru. You get nothing in the end” he said ironically

“No need to utter rubbish! Tell me what do you want?” Gullu swaying and ogling said to him

“Whatever I say is in your favor. There’s a huge cash offer for you. However Fazlu Chacha said that if you don’t cooperate with him this time, he will report against you in police” tell him I’m not scared of him or police. If he dares report against me, what will his future be?” Gulnar replied heatedly.

“I believe I should have a talk with Chacha Fazlu after all” she went to Ammi Huzoor and told her. Ammi Huzoor twisting her ear said worried; “Go and refuse his proposal Gullu. We earn our living with dire hard work. We don’t earn through unfair and illegal ways. Tell him straight, that we are factual eunuchs not fraudulent”

“Don’t you worry Ammi Huzoor? I’ll be careful and try to quit”

“Don’t quarrel with them. It’s better to resolve peacefully than to fight” Ammi said to her

“Things will settle smoothly.” Gulnar left the party while others kept entertaining.

Some bizarre boys showing currency note to Zeba teased her. When she went to take the note, they would pass it to other boy. Or they asked her to sing another song then they will give him more cash. Zeba entertained them with her vulgar body movements.

I try to attract the attention and admiration of men for mere myself sang Zeba. Boys and men enjoyed her every disgraceful acts. But she got lot of cash. Ladies felt bad to watch them disgracing womanhood.

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Chapter 15

When Gulnar reached Fazlu Cha-cha’s shop with Nora, he was restlessly walking to and from.” You took so long to come?”

“Don’t frown and stare at me like that. I’m not your servant” shrugging her shoulders Gullu said to Fazlu. “I notice you have attitude now” Fazlu said to Gullu. “Say whatever you have to say...”

"Take this tambourine (duffli) and exchange it with Imran's tambourine. He's waiting for you at the point." Fazlu handed it over to Gulnar directed her. "Okay! But this is the last time. Never again"

"Why say so?" "What to say. Ammi Huzoor doesn't like this unfair game" Saying this while playing the tambourine she headed towards the meeting point. She had not gone half way when she saw Imran waiting for her. Both of them exchanging their musical instruments went on their way. Gulnar hired a taxi and stopped the taxi at her door. She asked the taxi driver to wait for her as she has to go to somewhere else. "Will you have water?" she asked the driver. He refused.

When she opened the door, the boy stood up surprised to see her, said; "You are back so soon?" she untying his chain gave him a stone and said; "Hit the lock and break it." "But why hit?" "There's no time to ask questions. Just hit hard and break it" the boy tried many times but the lock didn't break. Gulnar asked to hit hard; "It's a small lock. Just hit with your full power. It will break soon" The boy hit the lock with all his force and the lock broke.

"I broke it" The boy screamed excitedly as if he conquered the Fort of Somnath. Gulnar covering the boy under a white shawl asked him; "Do you remember the way?"

"Way to which place?" "You are a fool. Do you know they way to your home?" the boy said again; "My home?" "Certainly your home Tell me where you live?""Will I go to my home?" The boy was thrilled. He looked at Gulnar with disbelief.

"I am asking you the way to your home. Some days earlier you told me that you live near Tower in Macchhi Miani market. You are confused" "You are right. I live there and know the way very well. Now I remember everything" he was too energized and thrilled that he didn't know what to say and what to ask. 'Let's hurry up and go otherwise they will come" He said, holding her Gulnar's hand. "Don't worry my dear. They are all out and won't come soon." Gulnar comforted him. It was a hot summer day, and the roads were vacant. No one was seen anywhere in the streets. They both sat in the taxi. Gulnar covered him under shawl. For two and a half hour they reached Tower. "Look up dear, here's your home" Gulnar told Yasir. Yasir looked out of the window and excitedly said; "I know I'm near my home. There's Rahimu Chacha the hawker. His tamarind and pomegranates are salty sour and very spicy. We all love it. There's Rehmat bakery."

"Would you like to get down here or a little further?" "Please let me get down here only. My home is just behind that house. I can go myself" Yasir told Gulnar. He very was restless and thrilled. Gulnar stopped the taxi at a point where there was no one around. She got down first then helped Yasir. Yasir being imprisoned and chained couldn't stand on his feet properly. His legs trembled. Gulnar comforting him gave some currency notes in his hand and asked him to go. He refused to take money. Gulnar insisted; "If you don't take this money, I'll take you back with me" He got scared and took it saying; "No, no please don't take me back. I'll take it"

Gulnar hugging him let him go. Yasir slowly walked towards his home, looking back and waving Gulnar. Gulnar talked to herself; "When he goes in his mother's arms, I'll feel if I'm in my mother's arms. Thank God, I saved one Babloo from becoming Gulnar. He will enjoy all the joys of life. I couldn't enjoy the luxuries of life, so what? At least I helped him" Gulnar kept quiet on the way. After some time she told driver to take her to Sadder.

Gulnar bought bangles, suits, cosmetics, jewelry and shawl for Ammi Huzoor. She also bought snacks and fruit and went home. There was chaos in the house. Everyone was troubled and upset. She asked Ammi Huzoor; "What's wrong Ammi Huzoor? Has someone died?" saying this she put all the stuff she brought in front of Ammi Huzoor.

"He escaped, he betrayed" "Who Ammi Huzoor who?" she asked

"The boy Gulnar proved to be smart and sharper than us"

"We were looking for the lost grinding stone for so many days. We didn't know that he had it with him." "Who did what? I just can't understand what you all talking about?" Gulnar seemed very concerned. "Who hid the stone and for what reason? Why play pranks?"

"That boy, what was his name? Yasir was his name. We imprisoned him. He did it all?"

Gulnar was shocked. She couldn't believe her ears. She ran to the cell where the boy was kept.

There was no one there. Gulnar said crying; "He was so dear to me. I used to sing him lullaby at night. I fed him, washed him. I took care of him like my own child. That son of a bitch, he ditched us all" Ammi Huzoor yelling at her said; "You are crying for him? Has indulged us all in danger?" "You are still innocent and simpleton Gullu my dear. "If his parent registers report against us then the police will come after us"

"Ammi Huzoor he didn't even know the name of the area we live in. Nor did he know which city he was imprisoned and by whom"

'He was not so simple. I wonder how he broke the lock and ran away unnoticed. However guards have spread and searching every possible place like railway station, motels, he can go or hide. He won't have gone far away. Our guards will find him" Ammi Huzoor was very confident

He might be hiding himself in a drain or water canal. If caught by the police, he will disclose our names and get us in trouble. The police will trace us and inform all police stations through wireless. We'll be in trouble."What is wireless Ammi Huzoor?" Resham asked

"It's a kind of phone. Transmits information from one place to other" "Ammi Huzoor have you ever seen it?" Zeba asked spitting out of the window and spoiling Ammi's clothes too

Ammi Huzoor said; "Yes I saw it when I was caught by police"

Oh my God, why did they get hold of you?" "That Majju wrestler, I refused to do his work. But hunger is evil in itself. It makes one do anything. If there was no appetite, there would have been no sins. Ammi Huzoor said staring in space.

"O' Ammi Huzoor the fulfilled and contented do more involved in illegal activities"

"Leave this aside. Look how Gullu is in anguish" "What happened to you Gullu jani?"

"Ammi Huzoor I have a terrible stomachache. Please give me a pinch of black salt please"

Ammi Huzoor took out a small bottle from her ornamented velvet purse and gave a pinch of salt in Gulnar's palm.

"We better move to Bushra's for a couple of days one of her rooms is vacant. We will change our get up too." "Don't be scared Ammi Huzoor. The boy reached home safely. Nobody will go to police or register complain against us." Resham said ogling

"What's the guarantee that he reached home and safely too?" Ammi asked doubtfully.

"He was a smart boy. When he ran from his home, he must be aware of all risks. Hence don't worry. He'll take care of himself. He might contact police. So what? We need not worry."

Zeba said swaying to and fro; "Ammi Huzoor one thing troubles me and we didn't take notice of it" "What is it?" Ammi Huzoor asked nervously

"How did he unlock the door from outside? The door was locked from outside? Isn't it out of the ordinary?"
"Have some common sense girl, so many of us have keys to that lock. Someone might have gone and forgot to lock the door. Often it is left open. Everyone knows that I stay home most of the time. The boy availed the chance. See someone left a box of eatables on the window sill. How clever the boy was" Ammi Huzoor rubbing her hands said in bewilderment.
"Lock the door from outside. Switch off the lights. Firstly the police will not raid. If at all it comes, he will go back seeing the locked door and lights off. And I'm feeling hungry. Please arrange something to eat" Nilofar suggested
Everyone approved of Nilofar's idea except Ammi Huzoor. Resham jumped, locked the door and came in again. The other girls got busy preparing for dinner. Ammi Huzoor sat comforting herself by smoking Hookah.
Gulnar went to her room and thanked the Almighty for giving her a chance to save someone's life. She then smiled at herself blissfully.

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Chapter 16

Gulnar was forgetting about her surgery gradually. But, she often missed her family and friends. Those moments were tear-jerking for her. But she quickly controlled herself and tried to keep busy with her present daily routine. She was responsible to bring items of daily use for home, like veggies, meat etc. She not only bought stuff for home but also enjoyed chatting with Fazlu Cha-cha. And if she wished, she would also have tea at Malabar's motel. One fine day she was sipping and enjoying the tea, some young boys came and sat beside her. The boys took special interest in her. They asked her many questions that she answered. But she skipped to answer certain questions beautifully. She entertained them with her witty answers and body movements and singing with gaiety. The boys noted whatever she said. Gulnar asked; "Will you publish it in newspaper?" they nodded; "Yes, we will"
A boy took her snaps also. Gulnar; "You have taken Japanese doll's pictures. How will I see them?" She asked shyly covering her face with veil.
"Give me your address. I will bring them" He said.
"Are you sure you will? Do you mean it my love? Or are you kidding with me?"

Boys enjoying laughed heartily. Seeing their interest, she started singing and dancing;

"Should I unveil or should I hide my face? Should I obey my beloved or should I not?"

"What a style, what an action! She's the heart throb" One of the boys remarked.

Hanging camera and bags on shoulder the boys started to move on, on their bikes. Gulnar ran and holding a boy's shoulder asked; "Don't forget your Gullu. Do come. I'll wait for you. At the verge of telling the home address, she started singing again; "Don't keep me waiting! O' my beloved, I'll adorn myself for you" the people sitting there enjoyed and laughed. "What a filmy scene!" one of them commented. "Will you come?" Gulnar again asked him.

The photographer got nervous at first, but then recollecting himself he said; "I will come, I will come with the newspaper" Other boys rebuked him; "Seems a eunuch is your destiny"

"Who knows what's in anyone's fate" He replied. They all started their bikes and off they went

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Chapter 17

Not a week had passed when the photographer knocked her door; "Is Gulnar home?"

"Where were you sweet heart? She told us everything. She's been desperately waiting for you since then. She's shed tears in your remembrance" Resham said with all her gaiety

"She's lost in your love, your beloved, your devotee" Resham said winking at him

"What nonsense is this? I have just come to give this newspaper to her. Her interview is there in it" He said getting irritated.

"To give newspaper or give in your heart?" Ogling she said. "Go inside. This is your in-laws home. You are our brother in law" she said smiling at him sheepishly

"Are all of you crazy here?" He said getting mad. "You will also get crazy. Come on in. Don't worry all ladies here. No man here to be upset"

He went inside. It was a clean big house. There was a spacious patio with two couches. Two or three rooms in front with red floor mattress and floor cushions could also be seen.

Looking around the house he said; “Is she not here? Okay no problem. Give this newspaper to her when she comes” He turned his back to leave when Resham holding him by his shoulder said; “Why should I give? Come and sit here” Sitting and lighting his cigarette he asked; “Has she gone out?” “How dare you say that? Our Ammi Huzoor is very strict. She doesn’t let us go out at night. We are young girls. Any mishap can happen to us. Girls are kidnapped during daylight. Our mother is very caring and loving. Just wait for some moments. She’s getting ready. Until she comes you can have fun with me. Am I not beautiful?” Showing her hands and wrists to him Resham winked at him. Photographer smiled. Gullu appeared all decked up.

Gulnar very courteously wished him. Replying her back he said; “I came to give this paper with your interview published” “Wow! I look beautiful in these pictures. That’s why you came after me” Gulnar shyly said to him.

Gulnar reminding him; “Can’t you see I’m a woman not a guy? Why do you talk to me as if I am a male?” she showed herself moving on all sides. “Okay now read out what’s written in this paper, for your Gullu?” The photographer was getting bored so he said wryly; “Read it yourself or get it read by someone”

“Okay, okay, the heading says, issues of third gender. The government should provide those jobs. I’ll read the details later” Gulnar said. “O ’man you can read too” He was surprised.

“Wrong again. I told you I’m a female. Do I lack any womanly feature?” she said again;

”You have no brains. Reminded you so many times”

He said; “Agreed. Just fine! You are a perfect woman, oh no not woman, girl. Are you happy now? Now I ask leave. I have to go” “I won’t let you go without having a drink”

“Don’t let him go Gullu. The tea is ready” Nilofar called from the kitchen. “You can’t go. I have been waiting for you for so long. Now, you insist of going. You have to have tea.”

“Don’t talk of going, sit and chat for sometime” Nilofar came singing with tray full of eatables and aromatic tea. Firstly the photographer resisted eating but after Gulnar’s persistent requests, he did full justice to pastries, muffins, lozenges, cream crackers, and cookies. He was coming from his

work so was hungry too. Having nice cool chat and eating he got up to leave. Gulnar said;

"I know my love,
The time has come
To finally let you go."
"Won't you say good bye to us
And Ammi Huzoor too"

"Why not?" He went inside. Ammi Huzoor was lying in bed sighing of her joint pain. She blessed him and he went happily making promise to see them again.

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Chapter 18

Father greeted him when he reached home. Father asked him to; "What Time is it? Do you know its midnight? Civilized people do not enter or leave home at this hour of night"

"The whole world is sleeping while our prince is enjoying life loitering. We have been youthful too" he kept silent with his head down, then slowly walked towards mother's room. She was waiting for him. "Where have you been son? I get upset and worried about you. Try to come home early." "I went to a friend and there I got late." He changed his clothes and lay beside his mother. "Did you have dinner son?" he replied; "Not exactly Mama, but I don't feel like eating. You know whenever I eat father's scornful rebukes I get humiliated. It seems as if I'm the most unwanted and useless being on earth" He shared his miserable feelings. He added further; "Though he knows that I'm in search of a good paying job. If I get god job in any renowned newspaper I'll enjoy the glory of life. But sorry to say haven't succeeded yet. Our editor has promised me that in a few months he will increase my salary"

"Don't take it to heart son. Whatever your father says, it's for your own good. After all he's your father and well-wisher"

"Leave it Mama. You know very well how well-wisher he is. Last night I had to jump over the wall to get in the house. He didn't open the door. Then he brutally beat me with his belt. My fault was only that I had gone to attend a function with friends. My friends go to different functions with their parents. He neither takes me nor does he let me enjoy with friends."

"My dear son, every family has its own rules and upbringing." He was not convinced so said; "No Mama every family has same environment. We are only one of its kinds. Not allowed to watch T.V no cable network, as it blemishes the moral fiber. Why is it forbidden for us only?"

"Do you think to obey parents is not justified? What do these programs teach us? Morally wrong activities, loose talks, boys and girls mixed gatherings in clubs till late night, wastage of time and money. You should have refused to go with your friends at night." "But Mama, T.V and film actors were there in function. All our neighbors went there. It was in the ground near our home. So, what if I went there too?"

"Okay leave aside this topic now. Refresh yourself and have food." "What's for dinner?"

"I have made your favorite dish." Opening the cover his appetite intensified to see kebabs and biryani. He hardly had eaten two three mouthfuls, his father came grumbling. "They didn't feed you where you spent so much time? I asked you earlier too; to leave this journalism and poetry etc. these people only enjoy fame with empty stomach. They suffer not themselves but also create problems for their families." Danish disagreeing with his father said; "I don't agree with you father." "Who asked you to agree with me? I only meant to say that why do you eat a morsel of food here? You get joy to see your name printed in paper. Go and earn your living. We don't need your money. Meet your ends yourself"

Danish leaving his food walked to his room and lay there.

"Again you spoiled his food and mood" "Food without work is to be spoiled. All day long he loiters about, stays out till late hours at night, he's entertained with food instead of punishment" he replied to his wife. "To rebuke and abuse your own child and deprive him of food is immoral too" The wife said crossly. "Jehan Ara Begum, everyone in this world is striving to kill hunger in this entire world. Murders, robbery, kidnapping, prostitution all is done to earn to fill the sizzling hunger. Why does he bear all the insult? Ask him to go and earn dutifully, not just to see his name published staying hungry" Every word of his was nothing but poison.

"Just think he's our only boy. A mother goes though all physical and mental stress and turmoil to bear a child. She endures every pain for her children. That's the reason Allah almighty put heaven under mother's feet. Child is the heart and soul, joy and life for a mother. Fathers like you can't' tolerate to see mothers breathe a sigh of relief. It hurts me when you abuse him"

پاک سوسائٹی پر موجود مشہور و معروف مصنفین

عُمیرہ احمد	صائمہ اکرام	عُشنا کوثر سردار	اشفاق احمد
نمرہ احمد	سعدیہ عابد	نبیلہ عزیز	نسیم حجازی
فرحت اشتیاق	عفت سحر طاہر	فائزہ افتخار	عنایتُ اللّٰہ التمش
قُدسیہ بانو	تنزیلہ ریاض	نبیلہ ابر راجہ	ہاشم ندیم
نگہت سیما	فائزہ افتخار	آمنہ ریاض	مُمتاز مُفتی
نگہت عبدُاللّٰہ	سباس گُل	عنیزہ سید	مُستنصر حُسین
رضیہ بٹ	رُخسانہ نگار عدنان	اقراء صغیر احمد	علیمُ الحق
رفعت سراج	اُمِ مریم	نایاب جیلانی	ایماے راحت

پاک سوسائٹی ڈاٹ کام پر موجود ماہانہ ڈائجسٹس

خواتین ڈائجسٹ، شُعاع ڈائجسٹ، آنچل ڈائجسٹ، کرن ڈائجسٹ، پاکیزہ ڈائجسٹ، حناء ڈائجسٹ، رِدا ڈائجسٹ، حجاب ڈائجسٹ، سسپنس ڈائجسٹ، جاسُوسی ڈائجسٹ، سرگُزشت ڈائجسٹ، نئے اُفق، سچی کہانیاں، ڈالڈا کا دسترخوان، مصالحہ میگزین

پاک سوسائٹی ڈاٹ کام کی شارٹ کٹس

تمام مُصنفین کے ناولز، ماہانہ ڈائجسٹ کی لسٹ، کِڈز کارنر، عمران سیریز از مظہر کلیم ایم اے، عمران سیریز از ابنِ صفی، جاسُوسی دُنیا از ابنِ صفی، ٹورنٹ ڈاؤنلوڈ کا طریقہ، آن لائن ریڈنگ کا طریقہ،

ہمیں وزٹ کرنے کے لئے ہمارا ویب ایڈریس براوزر میں لکھیں یا گُوگل میں پاک سوسائٹی تلاش کریں۔

اپنے دوست احباب اور فیملی کو ہماری ویب سائیٹ کا بتا کر پاکستان کی آن لائن لائبریری کا ممبر بنائیں۔

اِس خوبصورت ویب سائٹ کو چلانے کے لئے ہر ماہ کثیر سرمایہ درکار ہوتا ہے، اگر آپ مالی مدد کرنا چاہتے ہیں تو ہم سے فیس بک پر رابطہ کریں۔۔۔

“Keep uttering rubbish, I don’t care” He said shrugging his shoulders while walking to his room. She then showed Danish to her room. She made him eat affectionately. “Am I his real son, Mama? Why does he behave so rudely and inhumanly with me?” “No my dear who said so? It is his nature. He is like that from the beginning. People like him are never satisfied themselves nor like to see anyone happy around them”

“You are right mom, he threw away my guitar. I bought with such fervor. I had learned to play certain tunes too”

“You needn’t worry. Everything will be resolved with time” she comforted him

Both mother and son chatted together about present past and future. He slept late thus got up late next morning. He was late to his office. The editor called him. “What do you want to prove through these pictures? Are they pictures of the accident or photos of any forest?”

Looking at the pictures he said to himself ashamed; “Have I snapped these?” feeling disgusted he said; “I’m sorry Sir, next time I’ll be more careful”

“Every time you say the same thing, do you know the meaning of next time? You think this way we can run our newspaper?” The editor yelled at him heated.

“Sir, I have some domestic problems” Danish said in weak voice. “Very well, better solve your problems. Get your wages from the Account Section and leave.” He felt the world spinning, hardly balanced himself on his feet. He thought where to go; “Father will turn me out of home if I go home.” He went to one of his friends Asher’s office. Neumann was busy in a meeting so Danish waited for him. Danish thought of visiting Neumann who had come from abroad for short time. Neumann welcomed him warmly at his home. He entertained him with snacks and drinks. Danish saw Neumann was busy with phone calls and his relatives so Danish handed him his resume to help find a job abroad, and he left for home shortly after. Father was home. ; “How come, your prince is home so early today? Have you been terminated from job?” “No, no, I forgot my camera so have come to take it” Danish said. Mother was all love for him; “Since you are home now, so please wait for a while. Let me serve you meal” father interrupted; “Let him go. He’ll eat outside” “When food is ready at home, why should he eat out?” mother asked her husband

"Mama, don't worry. I'll have it in our office canteen. I'm in hurry so let me go"

It was 2 p.m. he didn't know where to go. He kept walking until he reached Gulnar's home. He knocked the door. "Who is it?" it was not Gulnar's voice. "Please open the door, it's me, the photographer" he said. "After all couldn't resist visiting your beloved's dwelling" it was Nilofar giggling.

"Whoever comes here for the first time, he's bound to come again and again" Nilofar said clapping in a friendly way. Danish looking around him asked her; "Where is she? Is she not home?" "Who? Gullu? So the cupid's arrow upshot both of you" "I swear Gullu is also deeply in love with you. You have stolen her heart. She'll be here in a short while. She's gone to buy milk. Honestly you are very lucky that we are all home." "Lucky and me?" he gave a pathetic smile.

"I'm telling you, marry her. How long will you meet her in secret?" he stared Nilofar astonished

"Don't be stunned! Everyone behaves in the same way, but step by step they follow" Nilofar then tying her red scarf around her waist started ogling and moving her body in indecent manner. Danish felt uncomfortable.

Gulnar came and saw him there. She was too happy to see him; "I missed you so much! You kept waiting your Gullu for so long" Nilofar covered Gullu's face. She then began to play dhol and sing;

"It was my intense wish to be a bride,
Now my love is here to make me bride
To realize my yearning!

Danish smiled at foolish and innocent wishes. He asked Gulnar; "Stop this now, come and sit here for serious interview"

"At your service my love" she then asked him; "Why did you take so long to come?"

"I was busy and to some extent upset too" He told her. "Oh my! Why is it so that whoever comes here is deeply hurt? I can sacrifice my life for you darling. Well no problem. Just wait, I'll be here in a moment"

Gulnar came not more than after ten minutes fully decked up. She was looking gorgeous. Tall, slim, fair and young damsel she was. Danish said; "You look stunning Gullu" "Do I honey?" She rested her head against his shoulder. "Marry me. We'll spend beautiful life together" "Shut up" He said. "Don't belittle us. I'm a perfect woman. Don't ever say such hurting words

“She felt dejected. Nilofar came saying; “Supper is ready. Please come, wash your hands and enjoy”

“I don’t feel like eating” He said. “Now don’t be formal. Come with me or should I bring water here to wash hands?” He accompanied Gulnar. They went at the backside of the house. There were weeds and shrubs with yellow flora in flower beds. Gulnar looking at those said; “They are unwanted just like us” “You think so deeply and wisely?”

“What do you mean? Aren’t we humans? She asked. “Of course you are human, but-----” Danish left his sentence incomplete. “What but? You mean to say we are incomplete? You are sadly mistaken. We are not a danger for any woman’s integrity and vanity. It’s you, men, who ruin women’s life. Dr. Afia and Dr Shazia Khalid were ruined by you men, not buy us. Hitler, Halaku Khan, Nero, Pharaoh were not eunuchs. Just read books and you will know how tyrant you men are for women. Moreover if you think we are coward or can’t ruin, you are again wrong. We have the same power as you men have. But we are more human than you are. We believe in love, not hate” Danish was impressed. He asked; “Who told you all this?” “We also live in this world. T. V , Khala Zubeda and Ammi Huzoor gave us awareness” said Gulnar

“I enjoyed your interesting talk” Danish said smiling at Gulnar. “I’ll share more interesting things with you. Keep coming my dear one.”

Talking they came where the food was served. “Food is very delicious. Who cooked it?” Danish asked Gulnar. “Who else would cook for you? I cooked specially for you” she said timidly.

“Who told you about my coming here today?” “My own heart” ”This heart is a strange friend. It knows everything beforehand and shares too” Gulnar putting chunks in his mouth said.

Zeba served tea after supper. Gulnar was so happy that she started humming and pacing swiftly;

Oh, won’t you stay with me
‘Cause you’re all I need
This isn’t love, it’s clear to see
But darling, stay with me

Gulnar copied classical dancers superbly. Danish smoked as he watched her dance and he remembered many professional classical dancers. He started on Gulnar’s request.

"Love me in the springtime, when all is green and new,
Love me in summertime, when the sky is oh so blue,
Love me in the autumn time, when the leaves are turning brown
Love me in the wintertime, when the snow is falling down
Love me when I'm happy, and even when I'm sad
Love me when I'm good, or when I'm oh so bad"

"Don't say you are bad" She putting her hand on his mouth said. Danish played guitar and harmonium after a very long time.
Time passed so swiftly they didn't notice. It was 1.00 am. He got up saying; "Mama must be waiting for me. I must leave" Gulnar asked him; "When will you come again?"
"Whenever I get a chance" He replied.
"Don't forget your Gullu" "You are not to be forgotten" He said blowing smoke of his cigarette on her face.
Father showed his watch as usual to Danish when he entered home. "It's 2 am. Where were you for so long great prince?"
"Dad, friends had invited me on dinner. After dinner we just chatted. We didn't realize the time passed so swiftly." He made excuses.
"You should have better spent night with them" Father grumbled. Danish quietly listened to his father. His mother held his hand and said; "Come and rest. Avoid staying out so late. Staying out late at night at this tender age is harmful. Now be honest, tell me where have you been?"
He said politely; "Mama, I got let go from my job, I'm very upset, so I went to a friends to lessen my depression"
"Oh my God this is bad news. Your father will get more enraged" Danish requested his mother; "I know Mama, please don't disclose it to him" mother is mother. She comforted her son saying; "Don't worry, I won't tell him until you get a new and better job"
"Mama you know private jobs have no guarantee. Hiring and firing is normal practice"
"Okay now sleep" mother said. But Danish couldn't sleep until dawn when birds chirped. Gunnar's dance and her loving chatting style, music, his playing of guitar all was like a sweet trance

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Chapter 19

He overslept the next day. He would have slept even longer than noon or later if he hadn`t heard his father's howling; "Isn't he going to work today? Or has decided to break bread and bed free of charge?" "He's' not well and taken sick leave for two days?" mother tried to pacify father's anger. "While wandering with friends and loitering he is hale and hearty. But where working is considered he gets sick" father was very furious. "Why are you always abusing him? He's our son not a stone" "Shut up you foolish woman. "It was better to have no child than to have him, a good for nothing and useless brat"

He got up hurt by father's harsh words and refreshing himself went out without breakfast. Mother kept calling him to come back and have breakfast. But he didn't look back.

She turned to her husband and said; "You never miss a chance to hurt him with your poisonous words whether it's day or night. He's not a kid anymore. Treat him kindly. He's our only son"

She requested her husband. "What should I do? Bring him toys and rattler to play? I wished him to become doctor or engineer but his poor result disappointed me. He opted to be a photographer as it doesn't need any degree. What is his future now? He can only become a comedian joker or actor. His activities predict that his future is not bright." Father said with a broken heart.

"Don't abuse him. I feel very hurt" "It's him only who is responsible for all this. This is a fact. What you sow, so shall you reap" Mother went to her room feeling distressed. She prayed for her son's bright future.

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Chapter 20

Getting out of his home, Danish went straight to the bus stop. There he stood thinking where to go. He thought; "Friends would have gone to their work. Going to relatives is not reasonable." Thinking he went to Malabar's hotel and when put his hand in pocket he felt a crispy paper there. He took it out. He was bewildered to see a five hundred rupee note. "Where did it come from? Did Mama put it? Why would she put it in my pocket? She gives me in my hand. Is it helping from heavens?"

He couldn't solve the mystery of that note. He had not more than 2000 or 2500 only with him. That too he spent very carefully. "Did Gulnar put it?

She had asked him several times if he needed any help" He smiled. "No doubt him, oops! She's very intelligent and observant."
After breakfast, he went to different offices from Malabar's hotel, in search of job. He dropped his resume in many offices. There's been no vacant post for him. Being disappointed he decided to go home. While waiting for the bus at bus stop he saw a familiar face right in front of him.
"Hi, Danish" It was Tania. "Oh, it's you Tania!" Danish was pleased to see her. "Just tell me, why did you leave news paper's job?" "Who told you?" "I'm coming from their"
"Didn't they inform you that my services are no longer needed?" Danish asked her. "Oh! I see" Tania was troubled. "Danish come tomorrow to my office. Our editor Mr. Mohsin Ehsan is very considerate. He will arrange some job for you" "You are right. I know, many people speak very high of him." "I'll definitely come tomorrow". "You are very famous now. Your columns are appreciated very much. You write and pin point the social issues very skillfully." Tania opening the door of her car said; "Let's have tea to celebrate then"
"Where would you like to go? Red Onion Café or Press Club?" Danish asked her
"Would you do as I wish today? You forgot all those beautiful days we spent in University. Small innocent wishes and promises we made. I remember every bit of it----"She kept speaking loud
"I haven't forgotten anything Tania. The time we spent together, the promise, and the wishes we made, desired and planned but----- I have no resource to accomplish. Thus I chose to be silent, as silence is better than 100 false promises."
Both of them sat quietly sipping tea. Danish was smoking as usual. Tania watched him smoking.
After finishing their tea, Tania asked Danish to let her drop him home. ``Do you still remember the way to my home?" "Of course I remember it. Don't you remember I came to your home to collect my notes? Your mother served us kebabs and sheer" Danish said smiling at her; "You have sharp memory, I must confess" "so, I remember you too" She cheerfully laughed. "Stop the car here Tania please" Why stop here? Won't you get down at your gate? Okay, okay I understand. You are avoiding me so not to offer a cup of tea"

"It's not that Tania. Actually I have to buy some stuff for home and see a friend too" Danish told her politely. "Okay, no problem, some other time" She said and geared her car. Danish turned in a dark lane.

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Chapter 21

He stood at his gate having no heart to ring the door bell. He slowly touched the door. Amazingly it opened. Mother was standing waiting for him. Embracing him said; "Why do you come so late? I have been waiting restlessly for you. Come in, wash yourself and eat something." He asked;"Where is he?"

"I don't know, but I think he's gone to his sister's home. He often goes there since his niece's become widow" Both mother and son enjoyed their meal together in jolly mood. Danish cracked jokes and she laughed heartily and free of any fear and tension. Danish asked his mother: "Mama would you have tea? "Why not son? Do make strong tasty tea" She replied.

"I pray and wish you get a good job and get married. Your wife then will serve us food and tea, and we'll enjoy" She said to him

Danish carried the used plates and dishes to kitchen with a word. They had hardly finished their tea when father entered. Unbelievingly he called Danish in a very soft loving voice; "Dani my dear come here. And you also come" he asked his wife. Just coming in a moment" she replied. Danish at obeying got near him. His father in the mean time cracked his knuckles.

When his wife sat beside him, he said; "You know I have only one sister, Zeenat. She's been through such unbearable turmoil. Her daughter became widow at such young age having small children, who are now orphan. Next week she'll be free to marry according to Islamic law. I wish to share their grief only if Danish cooperates" he said all this looking at Danish. "Baba what can I do for them please tell me" He courteously said. "My son, marry her and save her children from being ignored and unattended. I have already talked to my sister. She was so obliged that she touched my feet with gratitude. Zeenat said that I released her yoke of her daughter's responsibility" "But father-------?" "What but---?" Father said surprised.

Danish replied; "But father I don't want to marry" "What's the reason for not marrying?"

"I'm jobless" Danish tried to convince his father. "That's not a big deal. I have talked to my friends. You'll be on job very soon" Danish said; "It's not a matter of job Baba"
"Don't hesitate to tell me, If not job then what's the hurdle?" Danish; "Baba, Kiran is seven or eight years older than I. I have always considered her my elder sister." Father decidedly said; "I don't consider age. A man is a man. I have given her my word. There's no option for looking back"
"How can you say this? Only **my** son is there to marry her?
He's handsome any girl would get ready to marry him. And you didn't even ask me before committing?"
"Don't you know, in our family we don't give any importance to women. We the men, make all decisions about, woman, land and wealth. A woman to us is, like a shoe, worthless. We wear it or throw it away." Mother ironically said to her son; "He's right son. You marry her and next day leave her as he says. A woman is worthless. Though he never and could ever threw me away." Father trying to be mild said; "This is what you are teaching him? Isn't it good if a heartbroken girl and her children get shelter and live a protected life?" "What's so beneficial in ruining one's own life and building future of others?" "Shut up you fool" father shouted at Danish's mother at the top of his voice. Then he turned to Danish asking; "Come on Danish. Speak up. Are you willing to marry her? If you agree, I'll arrange it tomorrow. No formality is required; she's like our own daughter." Danish said; "I'm sorry father, I can't honor your wish. It's not justifying for her and me. I can't give her the joy and love she deserves"
"It means you disagree with me?" father asked him
"Yes Baba, I'm sorry" "Okay fine. Now just get out of my house immediately. I can't tolerate you here for one more minute. Get lost" father gave his final verdict.
"Where will I go at this hour of night father?" Danish asked his father
"That's not my problem"
He was determined. Mother interrupting said; "He's your son. Have some mercy" "What is the use of such brat who is good for nothing. Who is disobedient? Who doesn't honor his father's commitment?" He yelled. Mother kept silent.
Father asked him to leave the house and never to ever come back. Then he picked up his shoe to beat him; "How dare you-----" Danish holding father's hand said; "I have greatly respected you" Danish was young and

energetic so his father couldn't get his hand free from Danish's firm grip. He was about to lose his balance and fall. Danish loosened his grip said heatedly; "I'm going father, and I will not return"

"My lovable son, please don't go. Don't leave your home. I can't endure it. I'll die".

Danish picked up his bag and went out. He didn't pay any heed to his mother's woe and left.

Mother's call echoed in his ears but he didn't look back. After crossing the lane, he put hand in his pocket to check if he had money with him. There were only a few coins. He thought; "They are insufficient even for the bus fare. I wish I had taken money from my cupboard" Regretting he walked to his friend Nadeem's home. Sharing with him all he was through borrowed some money. Nadeem giving him hundred rupee notes very humbly excused that; "I'm sorry Danish, I can't let you sleep in my room, my parents will not allow this". Feeling miserable, Danish brushed his tears and left Nadeem's home. He roamed aimlessly on the streets. Not knowing what to do, where to go. He met and came across many acquaintances on the way but he avoided them. He didn't know what to share or how to explain to others who have no concern with him or his life. Many at times he thought of going to a park and spend night there on a bench, but the parks close down for night. He also thought of going to any hospital and stay night there. If asked by any one, he could say his relative is admitted there. But if someone asked about the room or ailment of the patient then what will he say? They might hand him over to police.

He missed his Tania most. But it was not decent to go to her home at night. She belonged to elite class. How would she feel to see him in such bad shape? He thought if he was from affluent class he would have married her and lived happily.

He was confused. Where to go, what to do was the burning issue and he had no solution.

Cruel and tyrant men, like his father shouldn't marry to make life a hell for their wife and children, he thought. His father could have bought him a bike—but he didn't. He didn't like Danish, his own son to eat comfortably, let alone buy him the bike. Though he's a rich man

Danish automatically walked towards Gulnar's house. She was the one who would never turn him out or belittle him at any instant of the day or night.

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Chapter 22

When Danish reached Gulnar's home, the party was at its boom. Nazo and her husband Asrar had come from Lahore. Asrar was short, dark, having small tricky eyes, and oily hair. He was wearing a white starched kameez, shalwar with a red bejeweled waste coat and he was chewing gum. His yellow soiled teeth showed when he laughed. Danish was surprised and wouldn't believe him to be Nazo's husband. He thought how could he be a husband of a eunuch?

Nazo and her husband Asrar sat on the sofa while all others sat on the floor enjoying jokes and songs.

Gulnar along with other girls were very happy to see Danish there. Ammi Huzoor was all love and kind blessing words for Danish. Danish making excuse said; "I was passing through here, so thought of visiting you too" She replied smiling; "This is just like your own home. You can come any day, anytime, as son or as son in law" Danish was surprised to hear what she was saying. Ammi Huzoor realizing again said; "Don't take it serious, I was just joking"

There was roar of laughter in the room hearing Ammi Huzoor. They all were aware of Ammi Huzoor's way of talking. Dinner was served after a short while. After having an appetizing feast he asked for leave. Gulnar waving her fingers in his hair said fondly; "You have come after so many days. Now don't hurt me by saying that you want to go.

"The Sun will rise in few hours only. Stay here with me. I won't let you go before breakfast. Danish I want you to stay with us. I'm your devotee." She holding him by shoulders said again; "You know every well that everyone keeps naughty eye on virgin girls" Danish said ironically; "I thought others are crazy and you are different from them, but, sorry to say, you all are same. Silly and unreasonable" Putting her hand on his mouth she said, "don't say that Danish. Don't ridicule others, darling. Everyone has their own values and traditions. Everyone wants to live a happy life" Danish realized his mistake and became serious.

The others present there lay on the floor. Gulnar grabbed Danish by his arm and took him to her room.

There was a double bed in her room. Two red and floral covered pillows and clean thin bed sheet. Gulnar going to other room asked him; “Feel at home. I’m just coming”

After few minutes she came with glass of milk for him; “Darling drink this milk before you sleep” Danish refusing replied her; “I don’t drink milk at night” “If not at night, then, when do you drink?” Danish said, “Not any particular time set” “Okay, then drink it now, on your Gulnar’s request” he drank half while Gulnar did justice to rest half.

Gulnar lying beside him said; “I’ll sleep with you tonight” “With me?” Danish felt bashful as if Gulnar was a girl. She asked naughtily; “Are you feeling embarrassed to sleep with me?”

He said trying to be composed; “No, it’s okay” Danish had never slept with anyone like this before so he was feeling uncomfortable and a little scared. He sat on the bed and started talking to kill time; “Tell me about yourself, how you came here?” Gulnar feeling depressed asked Danish to tell her that why he came so late at night to her. Danish was reluctant, but Gulnar insisted so he told every detail to her. He said,

“Many times a fragile
Heart, being used abused
Torn apart
So it goes
Like the wind
Blowing
Broken pieces
Scarred and sinned”

He concluded saying in the end; “One parent’s ruthless behavior affects so adversely”

Gulnar wiping his tears comforted and caressed him. Danish also made her share all that agony Gulnar went through. Danish asked her; “Why didn’t you flee?” Gulnar replied weeping; “It was no use to rebuke and bring shame to my family. Boys like me are kidnapped and forcefully castrated by such gangs so they could make money from these wretches - first as eunuchs, and then as prostitutes. Eunuchs look more colorful, loud, and stranger than any fiction, with more fictitious rumors than facts. Sad, but true, when a transgender baby is born, in many cases, the she-male is abandoned by the family and given to eunuch community where life is spent in the shadows of prostitution mostly. Sad but true! Thus I have

accepted them mentally and now readily. They have treated me with love and care”

Both felt light and heavy heart at the same time, wept until the dawn.

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Chapter 23

Ammi Huzoor, Nilofar and Zeba and Gulnar’s caring behavior sincerely compelled him to stay with them. He had no other option. He missed his mother desperately but fearing father’s stern attitude he didn’t go home.

As time passed swiftly he felt the need to do some job. It wasn’t nice to stay anywhere just for fun. One fine morning he wore the clothes Gulnar had bought for him and after breakfast went out, to go and see his mother. He went straight to Tania’s office. He had to see the editor regarding job.

There he was told that she has gone to Islamabad to attend a conference. He didn’t know where to go. He had no camera neither he was abreast with latest news nor incidents so couldn’t think of doing anything. He wandered aimlessly on the roads. Then he decided to see his mother. He planned that he will not go in if father was at home. He went to the nearest bus stop. The bus came and stopped. He was about to board when he saw, Gulnar, Zeba and Nilofar getting down from the same bus. Gulnar holding his hand asked; “Where are you off too my love?”

He whispered; “I planned to see my mother” “Won’t you take me along? After all I’m her to be daughter in law” Danish said; “If my father sees me with you, he won’t hesitate for a minute to strike us both. Believe you me; no one will be able to recognize us. He’s a very pitiless man”

Gulnar said; “Okay fine, I’ll wait for you at the nearest hotel. While you can go and see your mother” Danish agreed. As they got near his home, Danish’s friends saw Gulnar with him. They were taken aback. Gulnar sat in a hotel waiting and he knocked the door. The door was opened by a feeble worn out lady. She was his mother. “Danish, where have you been for so long?” Your father regrets to have turned you out. He’s been searching for you everywhere.”

She told him between smiles and tears, holding him close to her bosom. Danish replied; “Come on Mama, he can’t repent or miss me. He turned me out himself. By the way where is he?”

“He’s gone to his sister’s home. Her daughter’s date is to be fixed today. He asked me to accompany him, but I was waiting for you. I’m glad you are

back. Have your meal then we'll chat." She also served him vermicelli cooked in milk (sheer) and tea later. Mother pleaded; "Danish my son, think of me. I can't live happily without you. Please come back home"

"Mama, you know, I didn't go myself, it was him" "I know, but my dear, parents are well wishers. Don't take their harsh words to heart. They scold for your betterment. Come back home" Danish tried to comfort his mother; "Mama, don't be so upset. I'm trying to arrange for a home. Once I get it, I'll take you. We both will live happily there" By the way who are you living with and where at?" she asked "I'm staying with a friend for the time being. You don't know him"

"Come back home. I assure you he won't be mad at you anymore. Staying with friends is not good when you have your own home and parents" she tried to convince him. "No, mother I won't come back. I have had enough share of music. Let me go now. I'll come soon to see you" Hugging his mother he bade good bye to her.

As soon as he got out of his home, his friends encircled him. "What on earth are you doing Danish? Roaming with a eunuch? Have you gone mad? He's lamenting for you there in the hotel. He's asking everyone to find her beloved. She's melting like ice missing him. He or she whatever is talking all illogical and stupid things she says; she'll invite us in her wedding with you"

Danish replying said; "The fact is that when my father turned me out at midnight, I had no place to go. They are the ones who sheltered me fed me cared for me. If you say to quit, and come back, I will. Will anyone of you let me stay at your home, even for few days?"

There was complete silence! Gulnar seeing him walking towards her held him by his arm saying; "Where did you go leaving me alone there my love? My heart beat so fast as if would pop out of my chest" The boys and all people in the hotel laughed. Gulnar tying her scarf around her waist was about to dance, but then untied saying; "My man doesn't approve of it. He's very strict. I won't dance." They both walked away from there. They heard the roar of laughter behind them.

Danish getting mad at her said; "Are you mad Gulnar. You were creating a scene there. You know it very well; they were my friends and neighbors." Gulnar said; "Are we to be scorned and hated so much? What have we done? We don't kill, we don't rob, we don't insult anyone, and we endure all hatred smiling. We are neither cheaters nor suicide bombers" "Okay stop it now. It was my fault to stay at your place." Danish said in anguish

Gulnar felt sorry and asked him to forgive her. Then she stopped the taxi in front of a tuck shop. They had chilled drinks to calm down and went home.

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Chapter 24

Danish missed his mother more than anything. He was surprised himself to have not visited her for so long. He decided to go out after all these eunuchs leave. He planned to search a better job and live a respectable life. Why should he waste life? As soon as Gulnar and others left home, Danish took out his clothes from the closet and was about to iron them, when there was loud bang on the door. Astonished, who could be knocking so loudly. Every second person has the key. Thinking, he went to the door to see who it was. He was shocked to see his father standing there with his friend Ajmal. Danish felt breathless to see his father in rant and rave holding a file in hand. Scared to death he asked; "Baba, what's this?" Father replied scornfully; "It's the document that says I disown you and the newspaper with the same announcement, don't ever step on my door. You are dead for us now"

Hearing, Danish was about to fall. Mr. Ajmal tried to pacify the situation; "Forgive him. He's your only son. He did wrong, I know but still I ask you to pardon him" "Ajmal, he brought disgrace to our family. We can't face anybody in the family and society" He was almost crying. Danish felt like clinging to his father and ask for forgiveness. But he stood there like a statue. He couldn't move. His father casting a look of hatred, left. Danish went inside with heavy heart. He looked at the file and threw it away.

Danish was so deeply hurt; he didn't know what to do. He cried and yelled at the top of his lungs to lessen the glum. But it didn't work! So, he tied the jingle dancing bells of Gulnar, wore her red veil and started to whirl around singing;

A smile breaks, like the heart bleeding;
On the outside, falling apart

It was unbearable heartache for Danish. He kept dancing like dervish, non-stop, striking against walls, tables and hurting wounding him in ecstasy. Repeatedly he recited;

I'm heartbroken (without your love)
Heartbroken (yes, I've had enough)
Heartbroken

I don't know what to say
I've never felt this way

He didn't notice that Gulnar, Zeba and Nilofar were applauding and heightening his erg to jazz more. Gulnar loved to see him wearing a red veil. He looked charming to her. They were all very happy to see him as such/ no one had the least idea, what Danish disturbing phase was going though. He fell to the floor when Gulnar came forward and held his hand. He then threw away his veil and said to Gulnar; "Gulnar I will marry you. None can stop me now. I have no option left to go to my home. I can't see Tania. She's pure like stream of fresh water. I can't bring bad name to her. I'm good for nothing" "What has happened to you. Did anyone come here?" he kept silent. Zeba picked up the newspaper and file he threw in the patio. "What's all this?" Zeba asked. Gulnar holding him in her arms asked him to share what happened to him. He said; 'Father came. He has disowned me. I'm dead for him." He wept. "Now I can never see my mother.

My mother is my light
She always tends to fight
To make sure I'm alright
And just her saintly sight
My mother is my light"

Gulnar was moved and hurt to see him so heartbroken. She said; "Who dares stop you from seeing your mother? I'll take you there." Danish weeping said; "I'm homeless, wretched. I never thought of such horrifying situation"

Gulnar said; "its fate and destiny game my dear. Beggars are crowned and kings become beggars"

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Chapter 25

Danish's mother wept profusely missing her son. It was unbearable for her to endure his omitting. She said; "Cruel fathers like you first neglect their children. Never try to understand them shelter them and accompany them. They don't provide any facility or make their life easy and enjoyable. But when as reaction their children indulge in awkward activities, and then they abuse and discard and disown their children. How coward, unreasonable and inhuman they are. A son is not pawn of chess game or toy to be thrown away. He's my life and flesh, my part, my soul. I can't breathe

easily without him. Where is my son? Tell me. I'll go myself and bring him back." The hue and cry of Danish's mother had no impact on his father. Sometimes he would only say; "Let him suffer for some time, then for your sake, I'll think for him. I'll go and stay at my sister's home while you can call him here." "When will you do it?"
Often she asked his friends to find the place where Danish is. She will go herself and bring him back home. "He can't refuse me, I know it" many of Danish's friends tried to locate him. But, they were not sincere friends, hence they pretended more to find than actually did. Some knew the address where Danish lived with eunuchs but they didn't disclose. Everyone waited to see the end result of Danish. Mr. Ajmal had moved to States that made mother of Danish more helpless and distressed. She had no well wisher or sincere friend around.

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Chapter 26

Father's arrogant behavior broke Danish, mentally, physically and emotionally. He got very sick. Gulnar attended him like a dedicated nurse. She gave him medicine and took care of his diet. She took great care of him, very lovingly. Gulnar brought herbs and after grinding and doing what not, gave it to Danish to eat. He felt comfortable. It had soothing effect. He slept for hours. Gradually the sting and depression subsided. He often asked Gulnar; "Why do I feel sleepy and drowsy having headache all the time? What's happened to me?" Gulnar would always comfort him by saying; "It's nothing darling, just weakness and depression. I'm giving you medicine. You'll be fine very soon" he often laughed sarcastically; "Weakness or drugs?" Gulnar promptly replied; "Whatever you say, weakness is in itself addiction. It makes a person dull and lazy"
One day Gulnar broke news to him. "My dear, soon we'll unite" "How?" Danish asked. "We are going to be married soon" She said. "What nonsense?" "I mean it darling. Ammi Huzoor will ask you certain questions" She told him. "What do you mean? Am I going to take a test?" he dozing went into deep slumber.
Short while later Ammi Huzoor came saying; "Get up young man! I'm giving you my young beautiful daughter in marriage. Will you take care of and make her happy?" "How can I make her happy?" he stammered.

"Ammi Huzoor, I'm giving him milk and pure butter but he's under the effect of medicines." Gulnar informed her. "You must put him under sedation for some more days Gullu. The game might take a dangerous turn if you are not very careful" Ammi Huzoor warned Gullu.

Gullu agreed with her.

After few days Danish and Gulnar got married. Gulnar wore a red fancy adorned suit and makeup from a beauty parlor. Danish wore a fawn color suit with red decorated waistcoat and a pink turban on his head. Guests gathered and had a grand dinner. Danish and Gulnar were given a separate decorated room. Danish gradually came back to normalcy.

Gulnar and other girls went out as their daily routine while Ammi Huzoor being old and sick remained home. She spent time coughing; sleeping or sometimes her friends visited her. Danish on the other hand played guitar or harmonium. He tried to learn playing table and tambourine. His memories of his past haunted him too.

He would recite;

I'm weird; I'm strange, I'm bizarre I'm nomad,
Ruined self, spoiled the lot, but no charade!

He flowed aimlessly on the waves of gigantic ocean of life.

One day in the middle of the night he saw a man wearing white shirt and pajama sleeping beside him on his bed. He saw the man in amazement and smiled. It was Gulnar. Since it was very hot so wore light clothes and taken off his womanly accessories. His wig and braids also lay underneath the pillow. Danish drinking water and feeling restless went out in the patio. He saw Zeba, Nilofar and Husna sleeping on the floor, in half pants or without shirts.

"Oh, the truth is that they are all---------" He went out in the open sky. It was full moon lit night. Flower beds were full of wild weeds and white fragrant flowers. He sat on the stool and took in some fresh air. He saw his mother emerged in sight. "Where have you been my son? I miss you so much. I'm dying to take you in my arms and hug you. Don't keep me waiting anymore. Come to me" "I'm coming Mama. I also miss your warmth of love. I want to be cuddled in your arms too. When all sleep at night, I miss you more Mama." He didn't know how long he talked to his mother imagining her to be standing in front of him.

All of a sudden he saw some movement behind the bushes. A beautiful young damsel wearing sky blue chiffon sari with matching jewelry was

slowly coming towards him. Her anklets made a rhythmic sound in moon night. She hid her face in veil. Danish was taken aback not deciding where she descended from. He closed his eyes to make sure he was dreaming or awake. He heard a voice calling his name; "My beloved, my darling!" Danish heard Gulnar's voice. He opened his eyes. It was her. Danish got annoyed; "Is it the time to play pranks?" "It's not a joke Danish. I am beautiful!" Gulnar convinced him. "Short while ago, you were entirely different. Get up and make up has changed you all together" Danish told her. "Where did you get this beautiful sari and dazzling jewelry from?" he asked Gullu. "A baby boy is born after five daughters in a rich man's home. So they gave us cash, clothes, and many gifts. I danced for more than an hour. My legs are aching" Gulnar explained everything. "But why get decked up now?" Danish asked her. "To get your attention, to please you, I love you honey. Do you mind?" "Where will you go if I mind?

I will live and die here at your doorstep" Danish said.

"Oh please don't break my heart don't ever hurt me again like this."

"I have to share something with you darling" Gulnar shyly said to him. "What is it now?"

Covering her face and looking downwards she said bashfully; "I----- I ---- I'm feeling shy to disclose it" "Come on now. Say it" Danish insisted. "Actually these days I feel dizzy and I vomit too" Gulnar told him. "You must have eaten something outside. Your digestion system got disturbed. That's nothing Gullu. Go to any doctor tomorrow and get medicine. May be loss of sleep or tiredness" "You are very innocent honey. Why don't you understand?" Gulnar said timidly. "Okay now say it what's wrong with you Gullu my dear" Danish caressing her asked. "I'm expecting" Gulnar broke the news to him. Danish got up asking; "Are you mad or taken some drugs? What nonsense are you uttering? How can you get pregnant? If you are born thousand times, even then you can't get pregnant. That's for sure"

Gulnar felt hurt by what he said and asked; "Aren't we humans? Don't we have feelings and emotions?" Danish getting irritated said; "I just can't understand what you say?" Gulnar said; "If you can be my husband, then why can't you be a father? Simple as that" Gulnar then disclosed many such funny and illogical happenings. Danish laughed out his heart. Gulnar said; "Better laugh now as much as you can but never ridicule or say anything in front of others, you know, to break someone's heart is a sin." Danish

composed himself and said; “Yes you are right. Don’t worry. I’ll follow your instructions and never let you down”
Gulnar held his hand and said; “Let’s go inside and sleep”

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Chapter 27

The next day when all of them left for their daily routine work, Danish finished his petty household jobs and started getting ready to go to his mother. He hadn’t started to shave when heard a knock on the door. Getting uneasy to see who it was he opened the door. Nazo and her husband were there. They said to him; “Congrats. Where’s your lady? More parties and celebrations and enjoyment” Danish couldn’t understand so asked; “What joy, what celebration what parties?”
“Hey you tall man, don’t you know you are going to be a father soon? Asking us what celebration and what joy?” Danish said; “It means you people know it too?”
“Why wouldn’t we know about this good news?” Nazo said ogling. “I’ll ask for a suit, gold bracelets and what not. After all I’m your wife’s sister.” While they were talking, Gulnar and Nilofar entered. Danish wasn’t expecting them so early. He asked; “How come, you came back so soon?” Gulnar said. “We escaped from being caught by the police. They are searching for eunuchs and putting them behind the bars. We don’t know about Husna and Zeba. The police are looking for us, sniffing like dogs” Ammi Huzoor and Resham entered abusing the police.
“Where did you go Ammi Huzoor? We came to see you?” Nazo asked her clapping. “I had gone to bring my medicine. I wanted to visit Reema. Maa ji is ill too. I’ll ask her well being, take care of her. Give her blessings. But the plan failed and we rushed home. Now, don’t go out. If everything is fine in the evening, then go otherwise stay here” then Ammi Huzoor took out her velvet purse and gave a hundred rupee note to Resham asking her to; “Bring something to eat while I take rest. I’m feeling very tired” Danish prepared and served lemonade to the guests.
“Cable network and dish antenna has ruined our source of income. Nobody likes to enjoy our show. People overlook and disregard us.” One of them said. “So what if they ignore us. We don’t ignore them life and death are shared with them. Allah provides us food, not them. I’m serving at Pukhraj Bai’s viewers for so long. Gulnar and Nirma work with Noora” Everyone

opined. Danish added; “The government should take positive measure to provide jobs to eunuchs to live a respectable life. No use of catching and putting them in jail and then releasing after few days.” Nazo changed the topic and asked Gulnar; “So Gullu dear, what’s your date?”
Gullu felt shy and said, “Haven’t calculated yet” Gullu blushing said; “Come darling let’s go to our room. I feel shy here” Resham added; “First time it happens as such” Nazo and her husband went with Ammi Huzoor to her room while others also got busy here and there.
Danish laughing in the room said, “So you are feeling shy?” Gullu replied; “Don’t make fun of us. Let’s be happy darling. Wisdom and logic has nothing to do with us” Danish composing him said; “Sorry Gullu. I forgot. Be happy and enjoy”

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Chapter 28

Scared of being caught by the police, they all preferred to stay indoors. Danish read them the news. Hundreds of them being caught and put behind the bars. The government believed that eunuchs promote prostitution, adultery, drugs and agitation in society.
Ammi Huzoor getting annoyed at such statements said; “We don’t beg. We earn working hard. We are factual and real eunuchs. The fake ones are into immoral activities. Neither real ones get respect nor the fake ones. All ill-treated. What to do if not beg?”
“If we were born in rich families, we would have been enjoying reputable life like Dr. Nasir.”Zeba said gravely. Nirma was shocked to hear this. “Is Dr. Nasir also one of us?”
“Ammi Huzoor told us that thirty-five years back he was born in a rich man Akbar’s house. The parents did not disclose it and kept it secret but the ward boy of the same hospital told Ammi Huzoor. Ammi Huzoor used to pay him. Ammi Huzoor went to Akbar’s home and asked for the baby. But, Akbar gave Ammi a thousand rupees and asked her to go away and never show up again in that vicinity ever. Since that day, nobody ever went there”
Danish couldn’t find a way to go out and see his mother. After a few days had passed life became normal. Except Gulnar they all went out as their daily routine. Ammi Huzoor had strictly forbidden her going out as she was pregnant and needed more care.

The final date of delivery was near according to Dr. Zubeida's calculations, so Nilofar, Husna, Gulnar and Zeba had made all arrangements. The day finally came. Dr Zubeda was called. Within half an hour the doctor came with all necessary equipments. She examined Gulnar for almost thirty minutes and informed Ammi; "The case is complex. She has to undergo operation" Ammi Huzoor asked the doctor; "How much is your operation charges?"

"Ten thousand" said the doctor. "It's ok. Go ahead but be careful. We need both of them alive and healthy" Ammi Huzoor said. "Where is her husband?" the doctor asked. Ammi Huzoor calling Danish asked him to sign the paper. Danish was reading newspaper. He went out and asked; "Where, why and what paper to sign?" "Don't you know that her case is complex? Sign this paper that you agree for the operation"

"Do we have to take her to the hospital?" Danish asked worried."No need for any hospital. I can manage very well. We may need blood. Just arrange more light please" the doctor convinced Danish. Danish assured that he will give blood himself to his wife. After almost two hours the doctor came out of the room with a broad smile. She said; "congratulations to all of you. It's a baby boy" Danish went to see his wife Gullu and the new born baby. Danish congratulated her.

"Won't you see the baby Danish? He's so cute. See he's in the cradle." Gullu shyly told him.

Danish saw a baby wrapped in pink blanket sleeping. His feeder was on its side. Guests came to see the baby. Everyone brought cakes, sweets gifts and clothes for Gulnar and baby. The feast lasted till midnight. After forty days, Gulnar started going out, while Danish looked after the baby and its needs. Gulnar had given special instruction to Danish about the baby's feeding and sleeping time and how to wash his bottles and keep the baby clean etc. Danish asked her; "If Danish has ever got to go out then who will take care of it?" Gulnar advised him; "If it happens as such, then dissolve a pinch of opium in milk and feed it. The baby will sleep for hours."

In spite of all this, Danish never forgot his mother for a moment. He was looking for the right time to escape and go to his mother. One day he decided that no matter what, he will go. He'll embracing his mother will weep uncontrollably and take out all his pain and grudge against his father.

The moment Gulnar and others left, he locked the door and heaved a sigh of relief. He cleaned all the left over pots in the kitchen, and put away all

the dirty clothes, and then repaired the worn out or torn buttons. Then he set his room properly. Hung Gulnar's wigs and braids on the wall. He threw away the withered flowers out of window. After cleaning house and setting things in proper place he took out the clothes Gulnar had bought for him. But they were not the type a decent man wears. Some were bigger than his size or very funky. Shoes were old and discolored. He felt hurt but he had no other option than to wear one of those.

He was getting ready to go when Ammi Huzoor called him. He got busy in carrying out her orders. Unfortunately it was time for Gulnar to come back. He missed that day too. He decided to leave home the next day as others leave and wait for no work or anything. He would hire a taxi and go straight to his mother. The thought of meeting his mother consoled him a bit.

He felt so hurt and unlucky that closing his eyes he wept and while weeping he slept.

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Chapter 29

He got up early the next morning. Got ready and went out. Luckily he got a rickshaw near his house. He went to Tania's office. She was going upstairs. He called her; "Tania?"

Seeing Danish calling her, she came down and greeted him cheerfully; "Where have been young man?" Danish heaved deep sigh. Tania looked at him from head to foot. His get up was weird and somewhat funky. He wore loose pants with a floral bright color shirt and brown sandals.

Danish felt awkward and asked her; "Why are you looking at me with so much curiosity and concern?" Tania ignored his query and walked towards the canteen with him.

Danish requesting her said; "Tania I'll remain indebted to you, all my life, if you do me a favor please." "What can I do for you Danish?" I'm glad you still remember me.

Danish; 'May be you know that I'm not on good terms with my father? I can't go home because of father. So if you help me meet my mother, I'll be much obliged" Tania didn't know what to say. She said; "May be you don't know anything?" Danish felt his heart beat missing; "What do you mean Tania?" "Well" she continued; "I went many times to your home to convince your father. Your mother missed you like anything. Continuously weeping for you weakened her eye sight. She got ill due to depression. I

promised your mother to arrange meeting with you very soon. Moreover I was determined to resolve the ties between you and your father. But, alas! I couldn't fulfill my promise" Danish said impatiently; "Tania you can do it now. No, need to repent. I'm here." Tania said in a low tone; "You are late Danish." "What do you mean?"

"Late, for what Tania?" Late to do what Tania?" she said; "The time is up" They reached canteen. Tania ordered for tea. Danish asked again; "Why don't you tell me straight Tania? I request you to bring my mother, we'll go to your home if you allow. I'm dying to see her Tania. I want to be cuddled and feel her motherly warmth of love and cherish it. I want to rest under the cool shade of green wood tree. My mother is my haven, my peace, my love"

Tania replied; "Danish first have your tea. Let's talk. It's been ages we chatted. Danish you didn't even ever think that not only your mother, but, someone else also waiting for you"

"You are absolutely right Tania. I could meet my loved ones if tried. But my dear all dreams never come true." Finishing his tea, he got up to move. "Sit down Danish. What I'm going to share with you now needs endurance and nerve." "Tania, will you please tell me, what is it that you are taking so long to speak up? I don't like to play riddles. I just want to see my mother and that's all" Tania took a deep breath and got up. They got into Tania's car. Danish asked her; "Where are you going Tania. This road doesn't lead to your home. Has my father turned out my mother also?" the car stopped at a big gate. Danish getting disturbed asked her "Why don't you tell me about my mother's whereabouts?" Tania pointing towards a grave said; "There's you mother" Danish was speechless. Only his sobbing was heard. He complained; "Why wasn't I told? She could meet me; hug me once, at least. How did it happen? I was her only child" Tania then told him in detail; "Your father visited where you stayed, many times during her illness but he was told that you moved to some other city. Mr. Ajmal went too but there was big lock on the gate." Weeping profusely Danish asked her; "Did my father go there for me? But no one ever told me. How cruel and heartless they are. I'm ruined Tania. I'm finished" Tania gave him water from her thermos to calm him down.

Tania continued; "Danish, two days before your mother passed away, I somehow got the address where you were. I went there to inform you but the lock on the outer gate left me powerless. I took some photos of her

during her last days. She gave me an envelope for you. I always carry in my bag so that I give whenever and wherever I meet you."

Tania took out a yellow envelope from her bag and handed it over to Danish.

Danish opened the envelope. He couldn't control his tears to see photo of his mother. She looked very weak and feeble. Then he opened the letter. Tania turned her face away.

After reading the letter he said to Tania; "Tania you are a bright and beautiful moon shining high on the sky, whereas I'm nothing, worthless being. How can I fulfill my mother's wish to—---" He left the sentence incomplete.

They both got down the car and bought flowers and aromatic incense sticks for mother's grave.

Danish performed ablution and asked Tania to accompany him. But Tania preferred to wait for him in her car. He saw some withered flowers scattered on the grave.

Sitting by the grave, he picked a handful of mud, and he spread it on the grave. He showered the flowers he had brought and lighted the aromatic sticks. Then weeping he recited holy verses and prayed for soul to rest in eternal peace. Spending some time weeping, sharing his grief and asking for forgiveness, heartbroken, he went back to Tania's car.

"Danish Your father is now a different person. He's composed and serene now. He's alone now. These days he's not well either. He needs you. When Ajmal Chacha comes back from States, he plans to call you back home. Come back Danish. It was your mother's wish too"

Danish felt very hurt and started crying again. Tania tapping his shoulder and comforting him said; "No doubt there's no substitute for mother, but your well wishers are there, who love and care for you" He was silent. Tania asked him; "When do plan to see your father Danish?"

"Never, it was he who separated mother from me. I hate him." "He repents for what he did. No need to regret now. It's too late" Danish replied.

They had almost reached Tania's home, so Danish said; "Drop me here. I'll go by rickshaw" Tania insisted to drop him where he lived. But he refused. Tania said to him; "Don't worry Danish I won't come there if you are scared or don't want to show me your place." She extended her hand but Danish didn't shake hands with her. He said; "Tania I'm homeless. I'm a

wanderer." She said; "Okay wanderer guide me the way. I'll drop you a little away from your place."

It took one hour to reach to that place. It was a big home but looked like a white tomb with black gate. Danish got down the car a little further from the house. Tania again said; "No one's parents are immortal. My mother passed away when I was just a small kid. Promise me, you won't weep again?" Danish replied with soggy eyes; "I'll try" Tania said before leaving; "Okay fine. Do remember that your father is sick and anxiously waits for you"

Everything was same when Danish got home. The girls hadn't returned. Ammi Huzoor was in deep slumber. He knew that she would sleep, at least for more two hours. It was her daily schedule to stay home and sleep most of the day.

Danish was all alone. So he shed tears silently then slowly cried hysterically. He missed his mother. He was helpless to control his emotions. He said to him; "How will I see her again. It was she who loved him truly. She was like a cool spring of fresh water that soothed his body and soul." He got up. Refreshed and prayed for her soul to rest in peace. He was in supplication when Gulnar and others entered. He put his prayer mat on the shelf and washing his face again came smiling. Gulnar checked her baby's pamper and the baby and asked him; "Darling are you feeling okay? Your eyes are swollen and red?" Danish trying to cover up said;

"I have acute headache since morning" "Why didn't you take painkiller? Just wait, I'll get it for you." She said clapping and smiling. Then holding his hand started singing in his hoarse voice;

" I'll always be around you
Keep an eye on you
Coz my patience is strong
And I won't let you run
Cos you are the only one
Nothing to lose
Your love to win
I'm at your feet
Waiting for you
I've got time and nothing
I'll always be around you"

Danish hated her feel and songs at that moment. He said; “Bring tea, while I take tablet.” “You haven’t eaten anything. Don’t take medicine on an empty stomach” Gulnar brought tea and cookies. Danish ate a cookie with tea. Taking the tablet, he lay to rest. First time he felt that Gulnar’s hands were very rough. He didn’t say anything and lay quietly and slept.

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Chapter 30

Where the demise of his mother upset him, seeing Tania awakened his feelings for her again.

He felt ecstatic. He wished he would have never come to this place ever. But where would he have gone. He was dejected. No one accepted him. These eunuchs gave him shelter, and cared for him. “What can I give to Tania? She doesn’t even know that according to eunuchs’ traditions, I’m married now. It’s next to impossible for me to leave them. How can I accomplish mother’s wish to marry Tania?” Danish was talking to himself. He fell asleep as he imagined all of this.

One day when Gulnar, Zeba, Nilofar and others were ready to go out wearing their tambourines in their hands, when they all heard a horn at their gate. “Who could be here so early in the morning?” They all were surprised. Danish went to the door. As he opened the door, he saw Tania there. “I’m sorry Danish to have come here. Actually your father is very critical. You must come with me”

Before he could say something to Tania, Gulnar came out. “Who is this here? Is she my rival? I’m jealous.” Gulnar shook Danish’s shoulder.

“She’s my colleague. We worked in the same office.” “Why is she here? How does she know this place? Who showed her our home?? You cheater! You deceived me. Aren’t you ashamed of yourself?” Gulnar was agitated.

Tania calmed her down; “Please don’t misunderstand me. I’m a journalist and writing a feature on this locality. Once I saw him entering this home, so I came today. I have to take some pictures for my assignment. Let me snap you both” she took their photo. Gulnar was relieved after her explanation and photo shoot. Danish asked Tania to forgive him. “It’s okay Danish.” Tania drove off in her car.

“Now tell me, who that bitch was?” she had come to take you away from me. Doesn’t she know that now you are a father of a son?” “Did you give

me chance to speak? You started abusing suddenly.” Gulnar gave him a tight knock on his shoulder saying; “You cheat and blame me?”
“Ask Ammi Huzoor if anyone ever came here in your absence? I’m yours only darling” he tried to calm and convince her.
“Are you telling the truth honey?” She then felt elated and started to dance. Other girls also joined her. The matter was settled without any more problems.

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Chapter 31

For few days Danish pretended to be happy but in reality he was very depressed and restless.
One day when all the girls were out and Ammi Huzoor slept, he got a chance to break away. He went straight to Tania’s office. Tania was pleased to see him. After exchange of formal greetings, Tania taking out a shopper from the cupboard handed it to Danish. Then pointing towards a room she said; “There’s room there. Go and get ready. The boss will be in an hour or so.”
“What do you mean Tania?” “There are proper dress, shoes, socks and shoes for you in the shopper. Get ready immediately; we’ll go to your father. He’s very ill and repentant.”
“Why upset now?” he felt down in the dumps again.
“Come on now. Be patient. Parents are well-wishers. And there’s no substitute for parents.” Tania said. Thanking Tania, he went in the room to freshen up and get ready.
He looked handsome in dark blue pants, sky blue shirt and black leather shoes. Today you look like the old Danish I knew” They both reached his home after a 20 minute drive. A wave of gloominess was visible on his face. He said; “Whenever I knocked the door, my dear mother opened the door for me and welcomed me with a hug----but today—!” Tania pressed the door bell.
A young boy opened it. “Is uncle awake or sleeping?” Tania asked the boy. “He’s awake” Danish was reluctant to enter his own home. His eyes were wet and heart beating fast.
Tania told Danish that she employed the boy to look after Danish’s father. “Is he Sir Danish?” the boy asked

Danish cast a casual look all around him and followed Tania. “I appointed him to cook and take care of uncle since he’s ill. This boy is our chef and cooks appetizingly.” Danish was least interested to know all that Tania said. He was lost in his mother’s memories. He wanted to have his mother there to embrace and hug him. “Come back Mama, I won’t leave you again. Forgive me please. See your son is here, waiting for you” Tania comforted him, wiped his tears. They both went in father’s room. He saw a frail figure lying on bed. “Uncle---see who is here!” Tania excitedly called his father who lay with his eyes closed. ‘Who has come? Danish, my son! Danish your mother passed away. She was annoyed with me. She left me alone. It’s me, your victim and wrongdoer.” Danish wanted to say a lot but he kept quiet. He wept nonstop. His father tried to stand on his feet with great difficulty. He then embraced Danish. Danish wept like a small child. “Why at all did you do it Baba? Does any father disown his child?”

Father felt really sorry and embarrassed. “Forgive your old man son!” They both recalled and shared the old time” “Promise me you will not go again Danish?” “Baba I didn’t go myself”

“I admit son. It was my false ego and arrogance that ruined everything. Tania my dear, now it’s your responsibility to put him on the right track” he smiling said to Tania. “Don’t worry uncle. I’ll take him to my father. Everything will be settled Insha’Allah. We’ll release him from the hell”

A week later after meeting with his father, Danish again went to Tania’s office. Tania was too delighted to see him. She finished her work quickly and they both sat in her car.

Danish asked Tania in a very seriously tone’ “Tania!” ‘Yes?”

“I want to say something.” “Go ahead, I’m all ears” ‘Well Tania, what I want to say is that I can’t fulfill my mother’s wish and your wish, and I also wish to marry you, is not possible”

Tania lessening the speed of the car asked; “Why is it not possible?” “Actually I’m indulged in such a deep bog that it’s impossible to get out of it” “That’s your dilemma only. You can do anything if you want” Tania convinced him. “But you don’t know about one thing Tania”

“What is it now?” Danish awkwardly said; “I’m married to Gulnar” laughing out her heart Tania said; “They sedated you to the extent that now believe in illogical things. How can you marry a eunuch?” Danish tried to explain her; “Tania though everything is fake and imitation in this world but it does exist. Marriages, kids, relations, respect everything. They satisfy their

natural instincts this way. Living among them, I have learnt that they can't be laughed at or ridiculed. Point of no return once you enter in their world."
I agree whatever you say, but Danish, just think. You are a normal educated man. Why are you wasting your life in that hell? Come back. We all are waiting for you. They have shattered your personality. Your mother also wished it."
"Yes, she also wished me to come back home and marry you" "Then won't you regard your mother's wish?" 'Death is the ultimate end if anyone betrays them. I'm not scared of death though." Tania was too pleased to know it. She clapped in excitement. "Well done boy!"
"Tania, I'm not in a position to take a final decision at the moment" Tania replied; "Those people have changed your perception of life so much, that you are afraid to decide anything about your life and your future" "You are right Tania. But after meeting you I feel some positive change in me. I feel better now and hope all goes well" she stopped the car at her home. The watchman opened the gate for her. Tania parked the car on the porch and went inside with Danish. Barrister Shabbir was waiting for them. They discussed his past, present and future. Tania was busy taking his snaps. Barrister Shabbir assured Danish of his full support and care to get him out of that hell where he's imprisoned.
"Your father and I have decided to send you abroad" Tania interrupting him said; "Daddy, uncle said something else to do" The barrister laughing said; "Yes, I remember very well. We'll send you with him too" Tania smiled shyly. "I can never forget uncle, nor pay you back for, what you and Tania have done for me"
"Better not!" Tania said to him. The room filled with laughter after the light chat.

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Chapter 32

He was different Danish when he reached home. His thoughts were changed. For the first time, he felt bored and fed up of living with eunuchs. He felt disgusted. The filthy things spread all around him. Dirty unwashed wigs and braids, cigarette butts scattered, drugs and medicines placed on the dusty table. Vulgar language, immoral body language, and funky clothes, loud hoarse voices, bold make up, smoke and coughing, spitting all irritated him.

Why was everything troubling him today? Why was he feeling as such? Why did he feel so alienated with these people? May be because, he realized the difference between his society and culture and eunuchs' way of living. However he didn't show his change of mind set with any of his behavior to them. He behaved as usual, but at night when everyone slept, Danish talked to his mother and Tania for hours, comforting father in his thoughts. He talked to Tania many times secretly.

She always asked him; "Are you happy Danish? I hope you are not taking any pressure of me or your dad?" "I'm grateful to you Tania dear. You helped me come out of this dungeon. You gave me confidence. I'll always be truthful to you." Tania; "Don't say that Danish. You know how much I love you. Your mother also wished and asked me to marry you. I was unaware of the conditions you were going through though. Remember she gave it in writing too. I gave you her letter" Danish assured her; "It's very close now Tania. We'll enjoy life together soon. The gloomy period will be over soon." "I always longed to hear all this from you Danish. Now, come out of the trauma. We'll make our future a bright and glorious one."

"Tania your love has empowered me. I'll be out of the dreadful world just because of you and your effort. I feel so delighted to think of the time we spent together in college as students. How we used to move around freely. Everything was so youthful and beautiful. The canteen, friends, parties, it's breathtaking to recall the golden memories. I now feel the atmosphere enlighten us once more. I promise you Tania that I'll give you all the happiness in this world. We'll sail in the ocean of love" He talked to her, promising and dreaming.

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Chapter 33

Danish went to see his father almost every week. Tania also made sure to go to his father's home after her office got over. Both of them cared for his father and spent quality time with him. Once Danish asked his father' "Baba how the matter of disowning me be solved?"

"You needn't worry at all. Disowning a child has no significance in Islam or otherwise. Annoyance is thus hated in Islam. It makes man insane and he hurts not others but him too."

Tania and Danish cleaned the home after father slept. Tania changed the bed sheets, arranged fresh flowers in rooms. The house looked a sweet

home with them silting on the patio smiling chatting and making plans for their future. The roses and seasonal flowers enhanced the ambiance.
Danish often stared blankly in space so Tania interrupting him asked; “What troubles you now?” “I’m worried about Gulnar?” Danish replied her. “Forget about them. They are cruel beings. Ambushed you and spoiled your life” Danish defending them said, “No, no they do not ambush anyone. The discarded ones like me seek shelter there. The parents and guardians who fail to take proper care of their children are accountable, not them.”
“It’s all destinies’ game Danish” “May be you are right Tania, but I’m surprised how and why Baba changed?” “Baba has become very sensitive after your mother’s demise. He regrets his unjust behavior that hurt her. She died and you went away. He is left all alone and unaccompanied.”
“Tania I’m indebted to Gulnar you know. She cared for me when there was no one. She was my companion. She fed me. She loved me” Tania comforted him; “I understand Danish. We’ll try to payback as much as we can to her” “Yeah, this is what I want, that before we leave for abroad we must do something for her.” ‘Don’t you be upset Danish. How can I be unaware of your problems? We have made all arrangements for her. Unbelievingly and excitedly at the same time Danish asked her; “Have you Tania?”
“Yeah, your passport is ready and soon you’ll get your visa. You know what is going to happen next?” Tania was smiling at him. “Yes, I know, but your passport and visa?”
Just relax. Everything is ready. All arrangements have been made” Tania comforted him. Holding Tania’s hand he said; “I’m incomplete without you Tania.”
Tania blushing smiled back at him.

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Chapter 34

Tania was overwhelmed with excitement the day she was to get their visas. She got up very early in the morning. Danish was her first love. They studied in the same college. He was the most handsome decent and scholarly boy. She fell in love with him at the first sight. Since that day she longed to be his girl. Though they never talked about their emotions, but it was mutual understanding between them.

Tania completed her chores as quickly as she could. She set table for breakfast.

She put kebabs in the oven, toasts in the toaster and kettle on the stove and waited for Danish anxiously and she switched everything onto serve him hot and fresh.

It was 10:30. Danish was not to be seen or heard. She was restless. She took rounds of the bus stop to see if came or not. She was scared of eunuchs; "They might have come know his plan to flee. They might have chained him, shifted him to some other place etc. Her eyes searched for him in every rickshaw, bus, van and pedestrians even. She had asked him to leave their place but he didn't listen to her. Even his father agreed with Danish. Danish and his father planned that Danish should leave that place the very last day, the final day when flying for abroad. Danish had to make some arrangements himself so he wanted to stay with them to face no hurdle or create any doubt about him. She felt desperate and helpless. She didn't know how to bring Danish. Suddenly she saw his father driving towards her with Danish sitting with him. She let out a sigh of relief.

Danish and his father went in the house while Tania after parking the car went inside.

"Why did you take so long to come? You are two hours late. I was so worried for you. Just see the time" Tania showed her wrist watch to Danish. Danish and his father smiling enjoyed Tania's distress. His father comforting her said; "Tania my dear, no one is making fun of you. See his passport and visa and air tickets for you both" Tania sheepishly asked him; "Why so soon Baba?" "Your father and I have decided this to avoid any mishap" Danish was all gratitude from head to foot to Tania, her father. "Daddy, you and Tania have helped me get out of that dungeon. I'll be grateful to you both all my life. I'm breathing and living a new life now."

Tania asked them to refresh and have breakfast. Daddy said in jolly mood; "Is this breakfast time Tania?" "You both are late. I had prepared it hours before." Daddy agreed with a condition that breakfast and lunch together and tea later. Happily they all had meal and chatting together. Daddy went in to change in his room after eating. Then Danish shared with Tania his heartfelt feelings; "Tania it's just because of your love and endeavor that I'm living a free life. I feel like floating in the air. I'm feeling so light and in high spirits. I never imagined in dreams even to get you"

“It’s your mother’s sincere wish Danish, who loved you so dearly. By the way Danish did you never want me?” I ask you the same question Tania. It was only my mother’s wish? You didn’t want me?” Tania said mischievously; “Why at all would I wish to marry an already married man?”
“I’m not married. I’m same as before, I never touched--------?” then only, Tania’s father entering the room said; “Listen to me carefully. First of all, we’ll eat something then take rest. At 5 pm the beauticians will come to give you new get up. Though it was not required but both of us the fathers took this decision to be very careful and take no risk.”
“Your flight is at midnight. We’ll leave for the airport at about 11:30. Your aunt will receive you there. All marriage arrangements and formalities will be carried out by her. After a week’s rest you can join your job. All measures taken, you needn’t worry. Boarding lodging everything is included in this package for you both”
“Danish said; “Daddy you have done so much for me. I can never pay you back.” “You can my dear, pay me back”
Danish was astonished thus he said, “How?”
Daddy said cheerfully; “By keeping my daughter happy and taking good care of her and yourself” “Your father and I can only be happy if our children are happy”

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Chapter 35

Zeba, Gullu and Nilofar found the main door open when they returned home in the evening. They thought that well wishers might have visited Ammi Huzoor, as she was very ill. But, when they got inside, darkness prevailed. Ammi Huzoor was snoring in deep slumber. All leftover food, pots and trash scattered all over. Cockroaches roamed freely. Peels of fruit and dry fruit and sore clothes lay giving out rotten smell. “Where are you hiding my love?” Gullu called Danish in low down pitch. “Is he feeling fine?” Zeba said looking at Nilofar. Three of them looked for him in every room, washroom, back yard, patio, everywhere. But, there was complete silence. Gulnar made hue and cry; “I’m ruined, that girl took my husband away. Oh my God I’m heartbroken!” Zeba comforting her said; “He can’t go anywhere. He might have gone for something, will be back soon. Be patient Gullu”

“He never disappeared like this ever” Gullu was very upset, so Nilofar suggested asking Ammi Huzoor. “Don’t disturb Ammi Huzoor. She was awake all night long having high fever”
Zeba casually said; “She’s a T.B patient so ought to have fever.”
Three of them went to ask Ammi Huzoor as no one else was there than she. “Ammi Huzoor, Ammi Huzoor please listen o us” she opened her eyes with great difficulty. Gulnar asked her; “Where is Danish?” Being very weak, Ammi Huzoor couldn’t speak. She nodded pitifully.
Nilofar whispering in Gullu’s ears said; “She’s so ill and weak. It seems she’s about to pass away sooner or later. We mustn’t leave her all by herself”
“I’m more worried and concerned about my husband at this moment more than anything else.”
“Betraying is not that easy Gullu. He can’t get away so easily. We’ll trace him out.”
Gullu was broke. “How can I bear the pain Zeba? He deserted me.” Zeba got busy making tea and asked Gullu to do the cleaning. Nilofar went outside to look for Danish saying; “If I fail to find him, I’ll call every one and everywhere to search him. On the land in the sky he must come back”. After having tea, they all got busy in doing chores. Ammi Huzoor’s condition worsened. She was breathing her last. Someone suggested straightening her hands and feet and put water drops in her mouth. Many people gathered after hearing Danish had gone missing.
Sabira asked Zeba and asked her if enough money is there for the funeral formalities. “Gullu has the keys, she knows better”
“Okay fine. You better change her clothes and bed sheets. She’s passing away. Make sitting arrangement on the floor for the guests.” Husna said weeping; “Well change everything when she’s gone. She releases a bad smell, as she was bedridden for months. Nobody gave her a bath or cleaned her. Gullu and Nilofar do all her work, but Gullu’s baby is so small and she’s so busy with it. Despite of it, Gullu did her best to take care of Ammi Huzoor”
Nilofar and Zeba wept bitterly while Gulnar too mourning said; “Ammi Huzoor always pampered me. Who will now take care of us now?”
Night passed swiftly. Ammi Huzoor didn’t pass away, and Danish was still missing. It was few hours for the dawn break when Ammi breathed her last. Within one hour’s time they washed her and got her ready to be taken

to graveyard for burial. All eunuchs dressed in male clothes carried and buried her before the sun rise.
According to rule and tradition, Gullu was the new guru. Nilofar said putting her arms around Gullu's neck; "I won't call her Guru ji or Maa ji. I'll call her Gojee."
Zeba fondly said; "We grew up together. She's rather younger to me. I'll call her Gullu. She was Ammi Huzoor's pet. That's why she got the status of Guru." It's not matter of age, but excellence of character and capability of being a head." Everyone has their own way of thinking. Gullu wept for Danish as he was still missing.

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Chapter 36

Gullu missed her heartbeat with every knock on the door, thinking it might be Danish. Seeing her dismay Nilofar whispered in her ear; "Didn't I tell you, not to take him seriously and make him Nirban like yourself." Gullu replied miserably; "I didn't want to ruin a normal man's life".
"Are we ruined?" one of them asked Gullu. "Are we contented then? Do you know Ammi what Ammi Huzoor prayed in the last days of her life?" Husna and Resham curiously asked; "Which prayer?" "She used to pray to Allah earnestly to give birth to a lame, blind, crippled child, but, never give birth to a eunuch"
"We have to make arrangement for food and ice for tomorrow for the guests"
Gullu regarded her thoughtfulness. She then picked up the bunch of keys from the dressing table tied it to her scarf. As she mourned she said; "I had to face this, I didn't know. Ammi Huzoor and Danish both left me to grieve over. He didn't even care for his child."
Clapping, swaying here and there started to curse abuse her luck. Somebody put the baby in her lap to turn away her mind. Gullu sang a lullaby;

"Day is done,
Gone the sun,
From the lake, from the hills, from the sky,
All is well, safely set, Allah is close to heart"

"The baby is asleep now. Place it in the cradle. Why are you exerting yourself?" Gullu placing the baby in the cradle pulling her curls moaned; "It was born asleep; it will be asleep. These plastic toys can't give me pleasure. Its father deserted me. There's an end to my life's fascinating drama now." She threw the plastic baby toy in the cot. "Gullu, why do you say like this? Have you gone mad?"

"Leave her alone. She's very depressed and mentally upset. Give her time and space to recover on her own" Nilofar suggested. Gullu hearing their talk said; "Okay, if I'm not sensible, take the responsibility from me. I can't do all this" "Gullu please compose yourself. This is against our rules and tradition. Take your baby in arms and play with him." "Why do you keep talking about the baby only? Where has the fugitive gone?"

Husna said; "My intuition says he will come back. He can't get away. He was nice. I fear if he's caught by police and imprisoned or died in accident or facing some deadly problem"

Gulnar shutting Husna's mouth with her hand said; "He may not come, he may betray me, but, I wish he's alive and safe wherever he is. What to say about our life? We are fishes of a stagnant pond. Who can live with us all his life? We, the strange weird creation are neither male nor female." Gulnar was very hurt. She asked them hitting her head against the wall; "Who am I?"

Sabira asked the other girls to keep quiet and recite the holy verses to let Ammi Huzoor's soul rest in peace.

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Chapter 37

Tania and Danish looked gorgeous in their traditional wedding dresses. Everyone gave a standing ovation to them. Variety of dishes was served. Food was served to the newlyweds in their room. "Tania is it a dream or reality? You did so much for me. My mother's blessings are with me too. I have no words to thank almighty for giving me new beautiful life" Danish holding her hand told her. He again said; "I have passed through a very deadly and long distance to get here. I'm exhausted but at the same time relaxed being with you" Tania comforting him said, "Danish all thorns from your path of life been picked. The road is smooth, clear and beautiful now." Danish lay his head against Tania's bosom with eyes closed holding her hand when both fathers entered the room smiling. Danish's father put his

hand on his shoulder and said with wet eyes; "Today your mother's soul must be at ease and peace in heaven. And I may be forgiven too" Danish embracing his father; "I'm not heated with you at all, but I'm convinced mother will surely forgive you" "I hope!" Danish's father said with his wet eyes.

He then handed some velvet boxes to Tania saying; "These are gifts from Danish's mother for you. She also wished that Danish should help Tania to wear these gold bracelets"

Danish took the bracelets out of the box and put them on Tania's beautiful and delicate hands.

"I miss my mother. I wish she was here at these blissful moments of my life" he wept bitterly.

Barrister patted Danish wished him luck for their glorious future. He consoled everyone saying; "It was written like this in his destiny. Thank Almighty for helping Danish get out of eunuchs captivity" they all had luxurious dinner. Barrister cracked jokes to make the environment light and pleasant. Bridal shower was celebrated after dinner. Both bride and groom got many gifts and greetings. The party lasted till late night.

After the guests left, Tania changed her bridal dress and wore pink sari on Danish's request. Danish looked handsome in black suit. At the airport Danish said to his father; "I'll call you there to stay with me, very soon Baba. Daddy you must accompany him." Tania also hugging her father wished him to come soon to see them. The couple went in the lounge for traveling formalities, while both fathers wishing them good bye went to their homes.

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Chapter 38

A week later after Ammi Huzoor's death there was a knock on the door on one blistering summer day. Everyone was out except Gullu. Thinking that Danish might have come back, she went to the door. She saying to her; "we searched for him everywhere but in vain. He vanished in the air or the earth swallowed him. He's nowhere to be found. Has he come back for me? Am I so dear to him?" she reached the door imagining all assumptions. She saw the postman when she unlocked the door. He handed her a weighty big envelope. "What's this? Nobody ever sent any letter to me. Who can this be? May be it's from my beloved" she asked the postman to wait until

she reads and replies the letter. She started dancing and singing waving the envelope in her hands;

I have melted everyday
Waited every night, everyday
Darling! Don't be afraid
I love you, will love each day
Come back, come back to me Danish"
The postman enjoying and laughing said; "sign the letter at least"
"It's from my beloved. He's inside it." She chanted
"I missed him, wept for him and
Shedding tears filling pool, but
He came, he swam and he left"

The postman went on his away laughing at this silly chanting

Gullu opened the letter. "It has my name on it. My darling wrote it to me. You made me go through a tough time my darling" talking to herself Gullu opened the letter. Currency notes amounting to thousands of rupees scattered on the floor.

"Selfish, betrayer, cheater, deserter, and escapee you are! You think small money can repay my love? You forgot all our favors and care we did for you? You have insulted and disgraced me Danish. You think love is an article of trade?"

"I can never forget the beautiful romantic time I spent with you. I had forgotten my pains being with you. Once I was a normal man like you. The deep-rooted wounds of being a Nirban have again sprouting up. I wish you hadn't sent this money. You crushed my last hope Danish. You have hurt me to the core of my heart."

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Chapter 39

Days passed into months and months into years passed, but Danish came nor his letter.

Gullu missing Danish one night uncontrollably couldn't sleep. She was very restless. She got up and opened Danish's closet. She tried to feel him close to her so she touched his clothes neatly pressed and hanged. Few days' back she ironed, for Danish to attend forthcoming functions like Rani was blessed with a baby girl, Zubeda recovered from illness and Haseena was coroneted as new Guru. But, alas, Danish escaped. Who will accompany her

now? Tears flowed on her cheeks. Gullu loved Danish dearly. She was worried for him. She thought, maybe he was kidnapped, met an accident or—or- she didn't know where to locate him. "Why do my well wishers desert me? My parents are no more with me. Where would my parents be now and in what condition?" deciding that early next morning she would go to see her parents. She was free to move anywhere. No bonding and binding on her since she was a guru herself.

That night was very painful for her. She got up before the break of dawn, bathed and offered prayers. Then she went out. Cleared some bills of milkman, grocer, visited some sick people then hiring a taxi started off to her parents' home. On the way, she kept thinking what excuses to make to see her parents. Would she sing and dance like Zeba and Nilofar or ask for charity? She just wanted to see them. "What will she say when the door opens?" lost in thinking Gullu anxiously awaited to get as quickly as possible. After some time, she saw familiar buildings and area where she lived. So she directed the taxi driver to turn right way or left accordingly. Since she came after many years, new buildings, schools, a big hospital and shops blocked her way. It took her some time to reach her home.

She was surprised to see a crowd in front of her house. Reflexively she uttered. "O God blesses!" She saw a funeral bus and many people. She raised hands to pray for her parents' life. She couldn't resist so asked a boy standing there; "Has anyone died here?"

The boy at her in amazement said smiling; "Doctor Uncle was very ill so he passed away." Gullu felt like she just got stabbed. She couldn't keep her balance and was about to fall but she composed herself. The boy stared at Gullu. "My dear boy, how's Mama-----oops, I mean how your doctor aunty is?" the boy replied; "Oh she! She died days back. My mother says doctor uncle missing her too much got bedridden and finally passed away today" the boy said what not, but Gullu sat in the taxi weeping uncontrollably. "Baba and Mama where have disappeared? Leaving your Babloo behind? But poor Babloo was lost too. Can't I see the last glimpse of my father? What will people think? Let them think whatever they like. But----no------ I can't disgrace my parents after their death. I'm not creditable to be identified as their son in the condition I am now as eunuch."

The taxi driver watched him astonished. He asked Gullu; "Was the deceased related to you?"

پاک سوسائٹی پر موجود مشہور و معروف مصنفین

عُمیرہ احمد	صائمہ اکرام	عُشنا کوثر سردار	اشفاق احمد
نمرہ احمد	سعدیہ عابد	نبیلہ عزیز	نسیم حجازی
فرحت اشتیاق	عفت سحر طاہر	فائزہ افتخار	عنایتُ اللّٰہ التمش
قُدسیہ بانو	تنزیلہ ریاض	نبیلہ ابر راجہ	ہاشم ندیم
نگہت سیما	فائزہ افتخار	آمنہ ریاض	مُمتاز مُفتی
نگہت عبدُاللّٰہ	سباس گُل	عنیزہ سید	مُستنصر حُسین
رضیہ بٹ	رُخسانہ نگار عدنان	اقراء صغیر احمد	علیمُ الحق
رفعت سراج	اُمِ مریم	نایاب جیلانی	ایماے راحت

پاک سوسائٹی ڈاٹ کام پر موجود ماہانہ ڈائجسٹس

خواتین ڈائجسٹ، شُعاع ڈائجسٹ، آنچل ڈائجسٹ، کرن ڈائجسٹ، پاکیزہ ڈائجسٹ، حناء ڈائجسٹ، رِدا ڈائجسٹ، حجاب ڈائجسٹ، سسپنس ڈائجسٹ، جاسُوسی ڈائجسٹ، سرگُزشت ڈائجسٹ، نئے اُفق، سچی کہانیاں، ڈالڈا کا دسترخوان، مصالحہ میگزین

پاک سوسائٹی ڈاٹ کام کی شارٹ کٹس

تمام مُصنفین کے ناولز، ماہانہ ڈائجسٹ کی لسٹ، کِڈز کارنر، عمران سیریز از مظہر کلیم ایم اے، عمران سیریز از ابنِ صفی، جاسُوسی دُنیا از ابنِ صفی، ٹورنٹ ڈاؤنلوڈ کا طریقہ، آن لائن ریڈنگ کا طریقہ،

ہمیں وزٹ کرنے کے لئے ہمارا ویب ایڈریس براوزر میں لکھیں یا گُوگل میں پاک سوسائٹی تلاش کریں۔

اپنے دوست احباب اور فیملی کو ہماری ویب سائیٹ کا بتا کر پاکستان کی آن لائن لائبریری کا ممبر بنائیں۔

اِس خوبصورت ویب سائٹ کو چلانے کے لئے ہر ماہ کثیر سرمایہ درکار ہوتا ہے، اگر آپ مالی مدد کرنا چاہتے ہیں تو ہم سے فیس بک پر رابطہ کریں۔۔۔

"No, no, he was a very kind doctor. I got medical treatment form him once. Will you please follow the bus that's carrying the dead body?"
"Okay I will follow. But, please stop crying. Everyone has to die"
When the body was lowering down in the grave, Gullu couldn't control her emotions. She came running to see the sight of his father for the last time. "Let me see him please" she requested crying.
"How has he come here? The rotten character! Its presence is bad omen. The doctor was an upright man. This eunuch shouldn't be here." "Gullu said very hurt; "Don't insult me please. We are also human beings like you all but ill-fated ones" somebody from the crowd came forward, held her hand and pushed her away; "Why have you come here? What relation did you have with the doctor?"
Gullu replied weeping; "He was a generous kind human being. He treated me free of cost and helped me financially once. I have come from very far away. Let me see his face for the last time. I came to get medicine. Didn't know he will be no more" It is not possible." Run off from here. Go sing, dance and entertain people."
Wiping her tears she went towards the taxi. People prayed for the deceased soul. They showered flowers on the grave. Then they all left. Gullu waited until they all left. Then she went to the grave, put handful of mud on the grave as the custom is. She prayed weeping continuously. "Daddy I didn't see you during your life time, fearing it will disgrace you and your status in society. I was of no use either. I was neither a male nor female. Daddy I died the very day, I was kidnapped. Since then I'm carrying my corpse myself. I lived an artificial life. Everything is fake and false. I am lonely. I'm fed up and want to die.
Sharing her ache with her father Gullu looked around. Next to father's grave was her mother's grave. Gullu hysterically called loudly-mama---mama- see your Babloo is here. See what shape is he now? Your dear son you baby is here, helpless, ignored and hated. Mama, why didn't daddy search for me? Why didn't he take help from the police? I waited but no one came to rescue me. Worst of all that happened to me is that your Babloo transformed to Gulnar the eunuch. I'm Nirban." Before she could share more with her dead parents the grave digger appeared suddenly from somewhere. He uttered in rage; "What the hell are you doing here, you rascal comedian? Get lost from here at once! What do you have to do here?

Run off or I strike you with my shaft" He ran towards Gullu with a black rod in his hand to hit her with.
Gullu folded her hands and asked to forgive her; "Brother I'm very sorry. Having a poor eye sight, I thought it's our Guru's grave. He died recently. After all, eunuchs are creation of almighty too. They are also buried in the same mud." The heartbroken Gullu at a snail's pace walking, sitting in the taxi asked the driver to proceed on. When she reached home all the girls had already gone. She took shower, changed her clothes and prayed for her parents' soul to rest in peace. Then taking out good amount of money went to give food in charity to poor and deprived.
She came back home, and sat on the patio and missed Danish dreadfully. She wished him to come to share her agony of her lost father. She was totally broken. She promised not to visit the graveyard ever again. The secret she kept for so long to herself only, will never disclose. She decided not to share her grief with anyone. She was so tensed, tired and hurt that she slept on the prayer mat, reciting holy verses on rosary.

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Chapter 40

Gullu being the Guru carried out her responsibly of domestic affairs vigilantly and stayed home most of the time. If ever she went out for anything, Nora the cyclist blocking her way always tried to motivate her involve in the drug business with him again. But Gullu refused him ogling; "I don't need money now. Moreover Ammi Huzoor advised us to earn money through fair means." He and his followers threatened Gullu of police or whipping her, but she never feared them. "I have lost all interest in this mortal world and its charisma. I don't want to live either. So don't threat me." Being heartbroken Gullu had started smoking drugs and opium. When Zeba and Nilofar checked her she said; "How can you feel the pain I'm passing through. I'm living in my past now. Babloo is reborn secretly. He's in my blood and breathes. Both of us live in this dark cold dungeon. We will soon meet our parents in a new world, where Babloo would be safe. No one will kidnap." Zeba and Nilofar couldn't understand her mumbling so they left her alone with her loneliness.

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Chapter 41

Time passed by very fast. Young became old. Healthy became feeble and sick. Blossoming of youth changed to wrinkles. Gulnar also struggled to overrun youth but she failed to maintain her youth and energy like all others. She became weaker and finally invaded by the diseases gave in, confining to bed. Gullu's ailment depressed everyone there except herself.
She enjoyed living in her past. She remembered the day and her eagerness when she went with Zeba and Nilofar to see a glimpse of her parents. She walked on the same lanes and roads where she walked with her friends, before she was kidnapped. She played with marbles with her friends enjoyed flying kites and running after the falling ones to catch hold of them. When Baba scolded her for playing pranks or running after kites, she always took refuge in her mother's lap.
She still felt the touch of her mother's soft loving hands wearing gold bangles. Baba gave those bangles to her on her birthday. Baba hugged her hands and would say; "Aleena, your hands are like a princess's hands; so dainty soft and beautiful. Have you ever seen a fairy? The one whom I fell in love with? Let me show a gorgeous fairy. He then taking her to the mirror smiled at her fondly." "She's my mama, leave her alone Baba" I used to say.
"Son, you behave like a real filmy hero" they both laughed heartily at his remark. Gojee (Gullu) heard a soft voice of her mother; "Where are you my adorable Babloo, my prince, my life"
Gullu took a deep breath and said; "Baba, Mama where you gone. Danish has also deserted me. I'm so distressed." She wept nonstop. "Ammi Huzoor used to say that once a man enters our world of eunuchs can never return to his own people. We trap him in such a way. Was my trap so weak that you got away Danish or was my love not charismatic? Or was it your mother's heartfelt prayer for you? My mother would have prayed for me too, so I could escape. Well, short time is left to breathe. I have your money safe with me. I will do something to make history for eunuchs. The eunuchs will enter any place anywhere with dignity and be respected like all others. Nobody will keep back or humiliate eunuch to enter a graveyard alive or elsewhere. We are born to enjoy Allah's blessings just like others. We have to be confident and respect our selves to be respected by others."
Babloo, Gulnar, Gullu or Gojee spent her time weaving threads of her what went before.

One day on Gojee's invitation all eunuchs and Nirbans got together at her place. After meal they sat on neatly set floor with red carpets. The young ones sat cracking jokes, while the aged ones rested against the cushions. "Speak up Gojee, what will you share with us? Why have you called us here?" Zeba said pulling her braid; "To entertain you with mouth-watering food. You've, so you can leave" Nilofar said sternly; "Why don't you all behave?"

Gojee said in a feeble voice; "My dear ones, I've been upset for last few weeks so called you here to share something important. We can live a better life and leave this insulting humiliating life altogether. No one has compelled us to live this life. After spending the long years of disgrace I have come to the conclusion that eunuchs or Nirbans (**castration or the total removal of all the male genitalia.**) we are ridiculed by one and all. The criminals also take advantage of us in their illegal activities. Hence you all and specially the new comers can go back to their homes. A eunuch is not allowed to enter the graveyard alive. What a misery! So eunuchs have no place to breathe freely and respectfully. I think you should think it seriously." Gojee couldn't speak more and gasped.

One of the eunuch said; "My father is a butcher. I used to sit with him too in his shop. I loved to see eunuchs sing and dance anywhere any time. It fascinated me. So I ran away from home and joined them. My parents warned me but I didn't listen to them"

"What laurels did you get here?" Gojee asked her. He replied sadly; Gojee Maa, my mother got ill missing me, father madly searched for me. He sold his house and everything finished. I realize now that I gave my parents so much pain and trouble. I repent now" She began crying.

"What's your story Anjuman?" "Gojee Maa, I had a step mother. She ill-treated me. Never gave me enough food to satisfy my hunger. I worked from dawn to dusk without any complain but she complained against me and made my father beat me brutally. I ran away from home. I worked and earned for several years. Once I made friends with a eunuch. I went with him to his center. There I saw many fake eunuchs. I liked them singing dancing smoking and enjoying. So happily I joined their group. One day I met my younger brother. He insisted me to go back home with him. He told me that younger brothers and sister miss me. Father is very upset. Mother is sick. And today I came to know that my father is very ill and in coma."

Gojee asked her; “Won’t you go to see your father even now?” “How to go Gojee Maa, I don’t have the courage”

“Have courage. Go my dear go and see him. Take off this disguise. Save your parents from the deadly depression. You can live a better life. Eunuchs are not in demand now for entertainment. Time is moving fast. People have so many other ways to amuse themselves.”

‘Gojee Maa, you know few days back I changed my get up and opened a small General Store. But, the street boys teasing me asked me to entertain them with my stylish dances. They didn’t let me run my shop. I complained in police station but them all compelled me to act dance and amuse them. I had no option but to follow the eunuchs’ ways”

Many of them heaved a sigh of grief “Oh, we the wretched eunuchs!”

Look at me! I breathe today and die tomorrow, unwanted, discarded, ignored, ridiculed humiliated” Gojee sighing heavily was about to fall when some of them stepped forth, and helped her to her room.

“Gojee Maa is right. We’ll go back to our homes.” Nirbans decided unanimously. Resham wept and said; “Gojee has lit a lamp of hope for us. It’s up to us now. We have hurt our parents. We must now compensate by going back to them”

Gojee’s condition deteriorated the next day. She felt difficulty in speaking. She called Nilofar and handed the money to her said in broken words; “Nilofar, open factory, hotel or learning center where eunuchs can work, earn their living respectfully and get some education. This may be a good deed on my behalf.” Saying this she faintly smiled at Nilofar. Nilofar promised her to honor her last wish very soon. Nilofar went to her room to sleep

Gojee sailed in her dream world. Her caretakers had all gone to sleep. She was all alone. She felt her heart sinking. Her limbs were slowly dying. She tried to call Nilofar but her voice choked in her throat. The whole place looked dreadful. She closed her eyes. Babloo embraced her tightly. They were both one having the same destiny. They passed away leaving behind a story.

THE END